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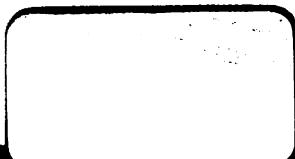
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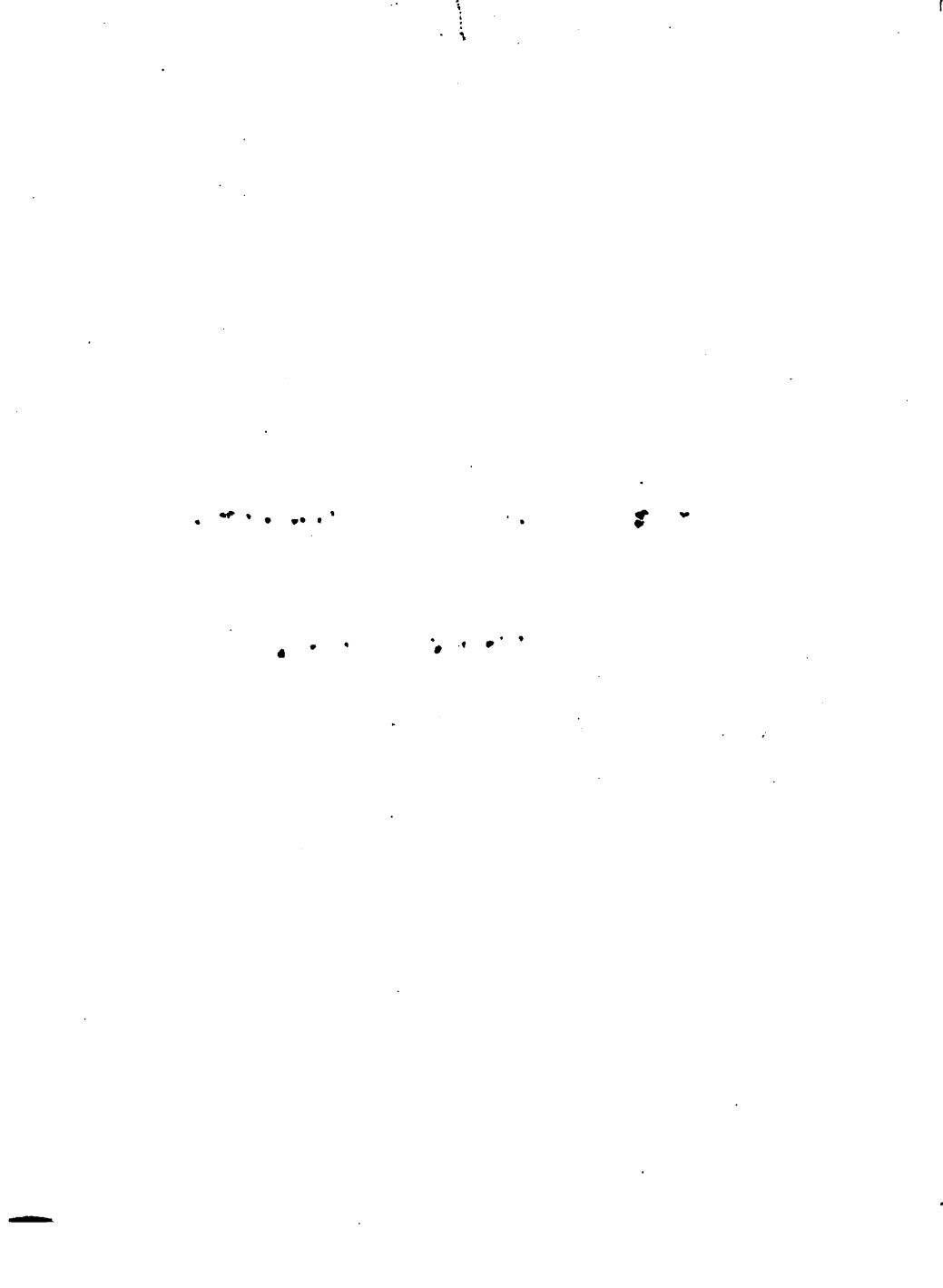
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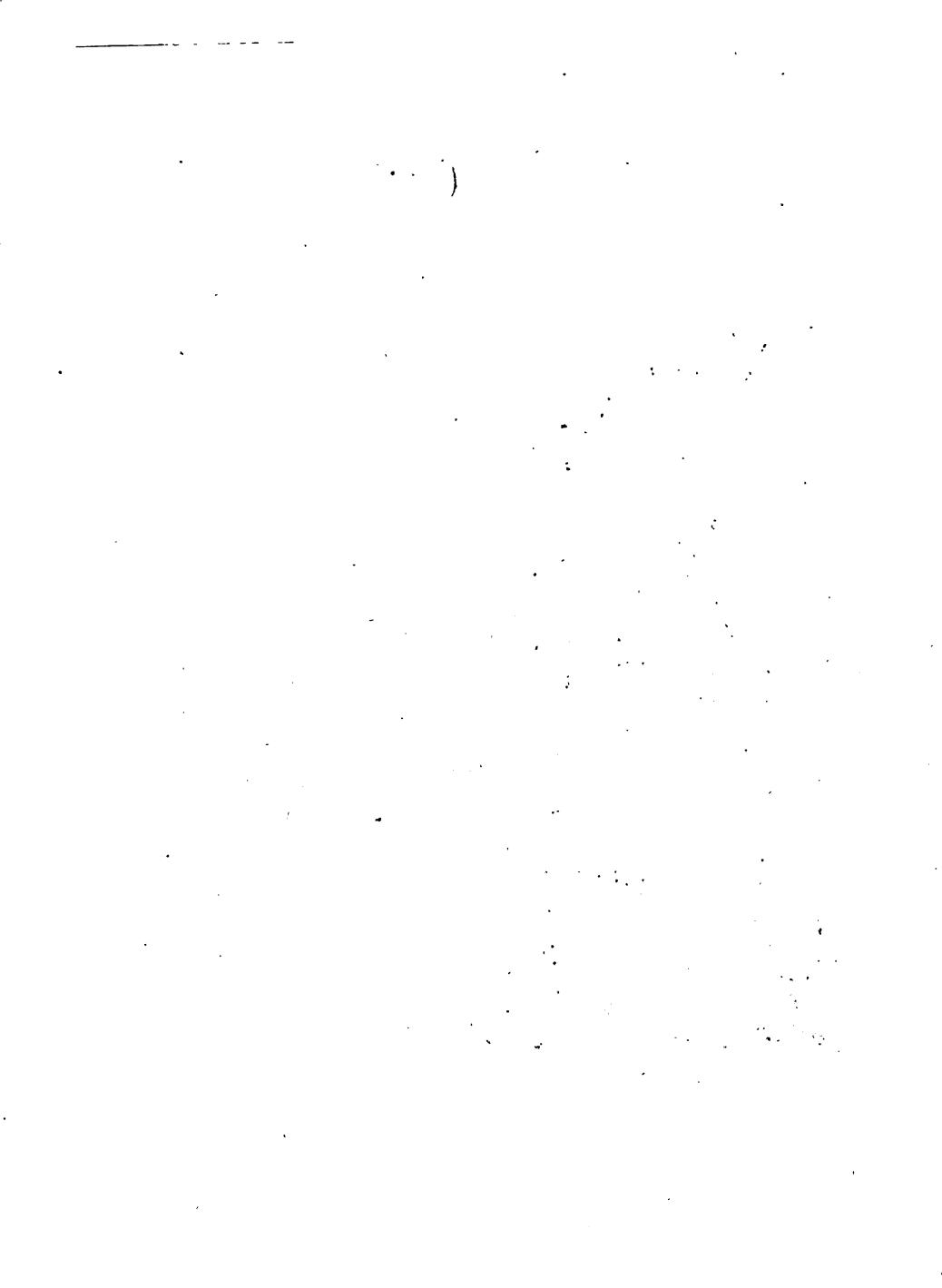
B L



"Oh my daddy! see all the  
beautiful colors

and  
the lovely,  
lovely  
shapes."





# SIR KNIGHT

• OR • THE •

## GOLDEN PATHWAY.

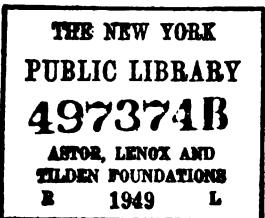
• By •

• Anna S. P. Duryea. •

With illustrations and borders by  
• Mabel Wilder Baldwin. •

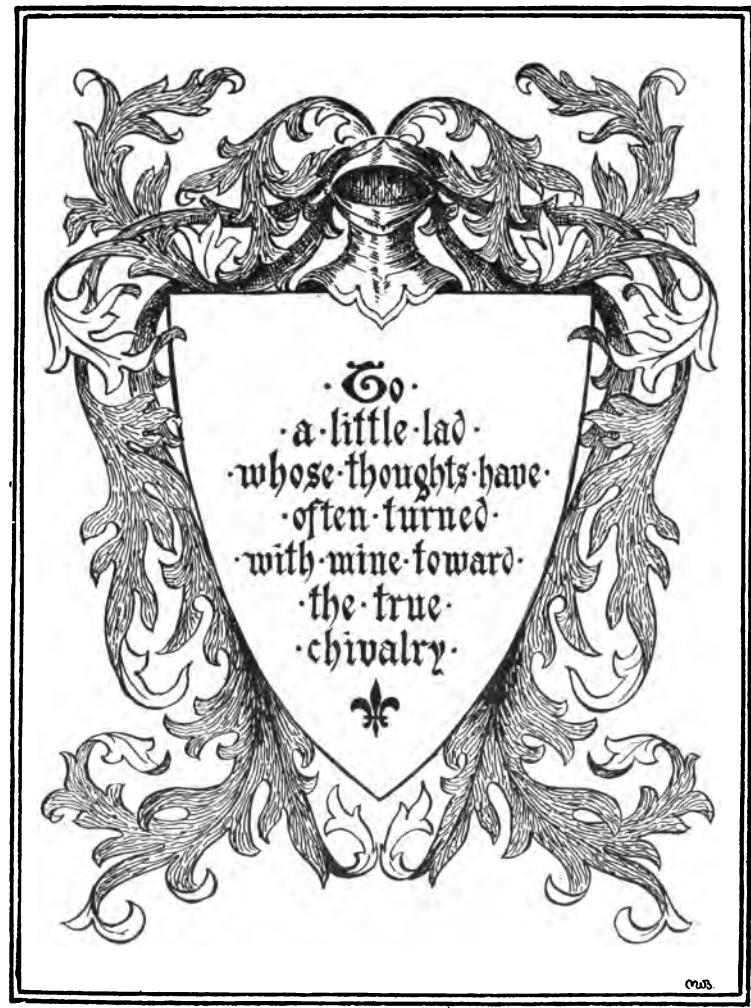
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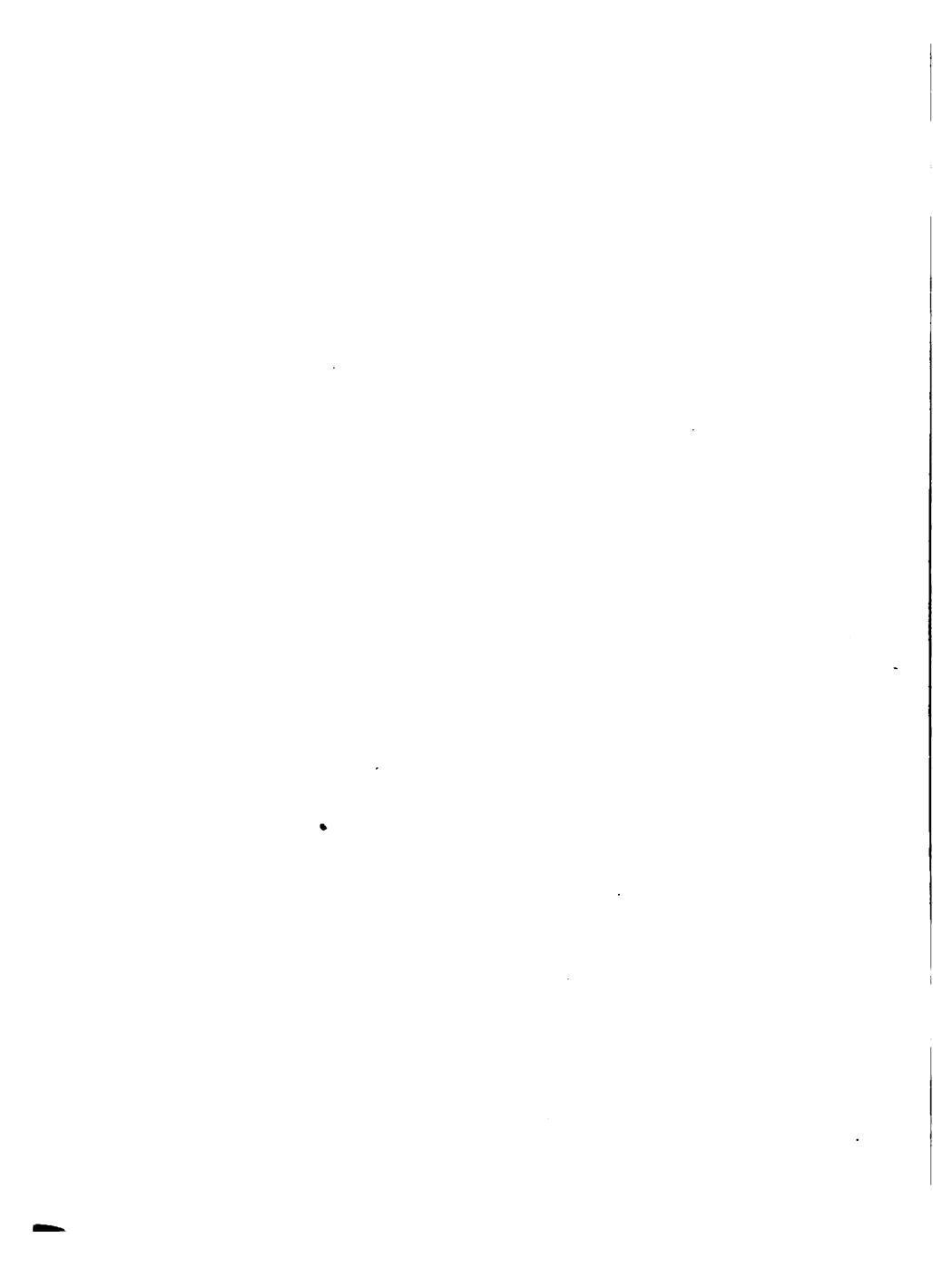
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To  
a little lad  
whose thoughts have  
often turned  
with mine toward  
the true  
chivalry







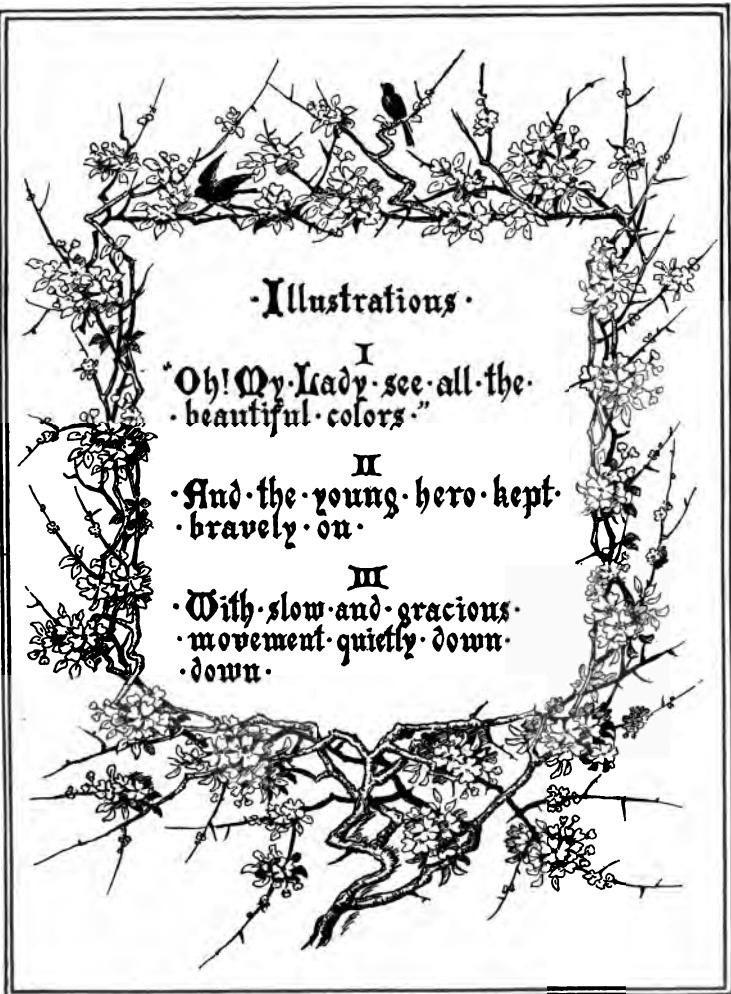
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Sir Knight of the Golden  
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Sir Knight—His War-  
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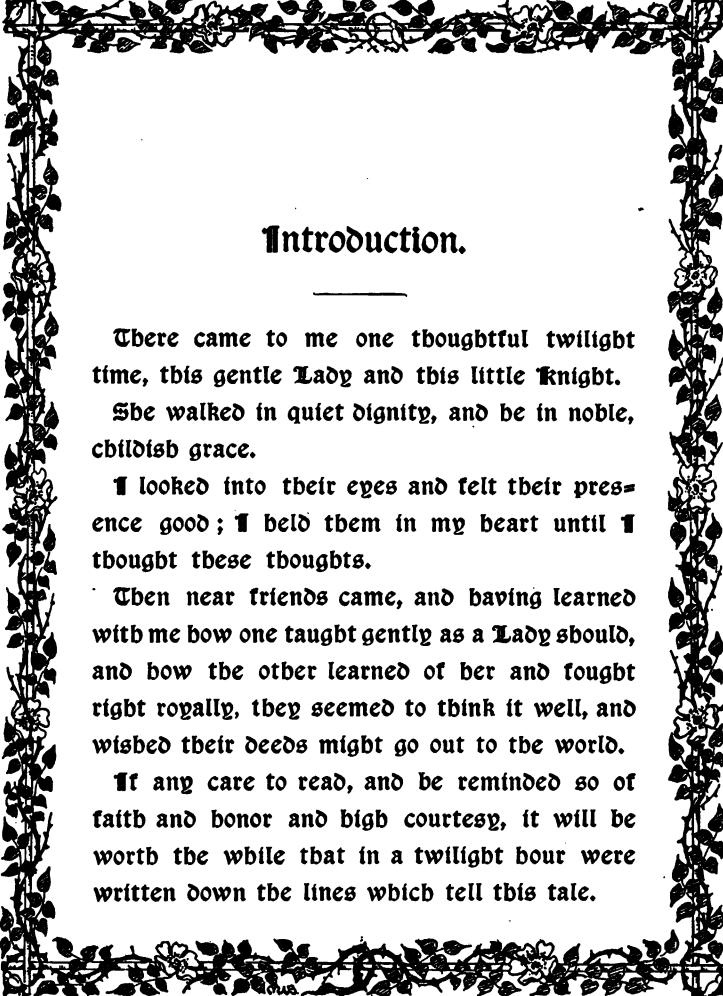
### •Illustrations•

•Oh! My Lady see all the  
•beautiful colors.”

II  
•And the young hero kept  
•bravely on.

III  
•With slow and gracious  
•movement quietly down  
•down.





## Introduction.

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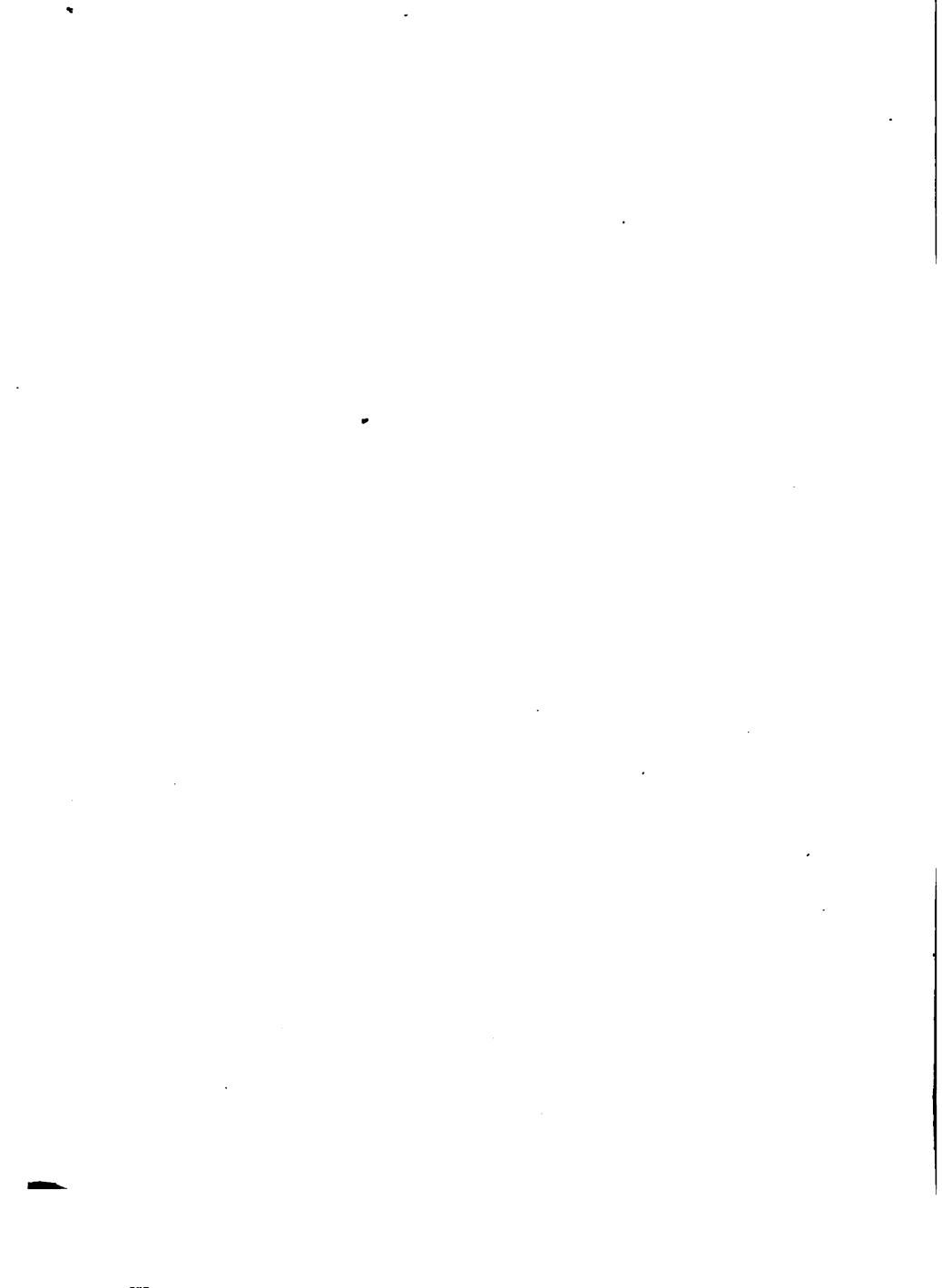
There came to me one thoughtful twilight time, this gentle Lady and this little Knight.

She walked in quiet dignity, and he in noble, childish grace.

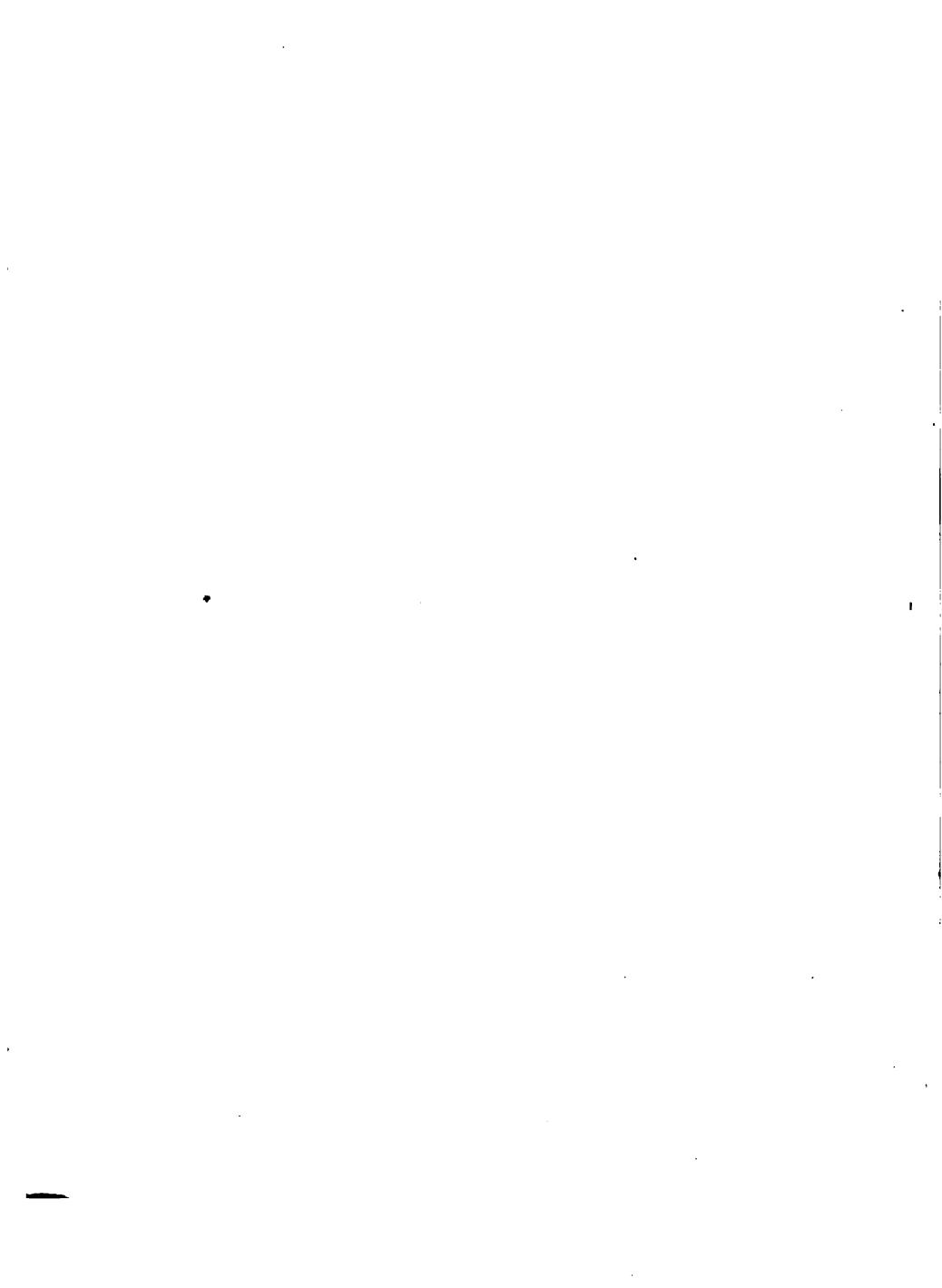
I looked into their eyes and felt their presence good; I held them in my heart until I thought these thoughts.

Then near friends came, and having learned with me how one taught gently as a Lady shoudl, and how the other learned of her and sought right royally, they seemed to think it well, and wished their deeds might go out to the world.

If any care to read, and be reminded so of faith and honor and high courtesy, it will be worth the while that in a twilight hour were written down the lines whitch tell this tale.



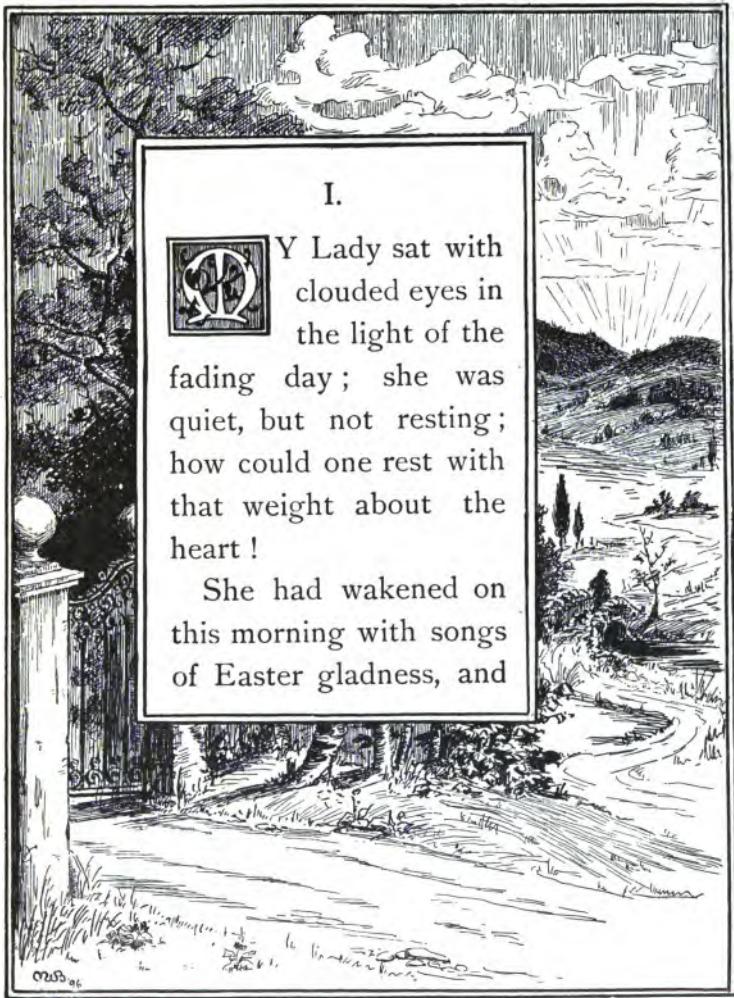


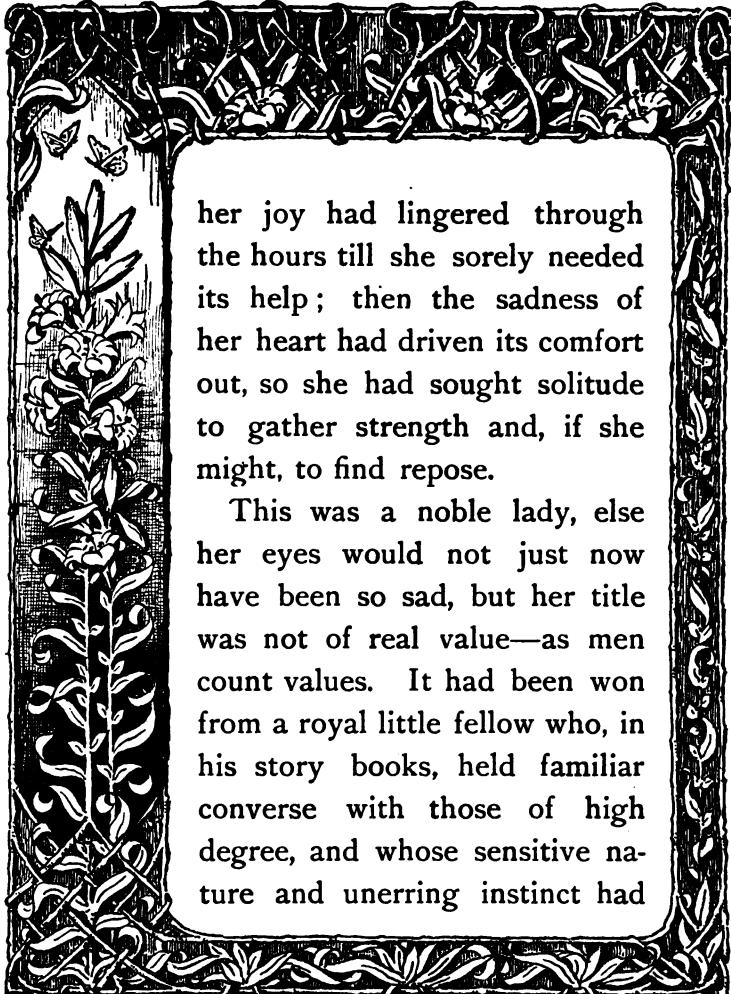


I.

**A** Y Lady sat with clouded eyes in the light of the fading day ; she was quiet, but not resting ; how could one rest with that weight about the heart !

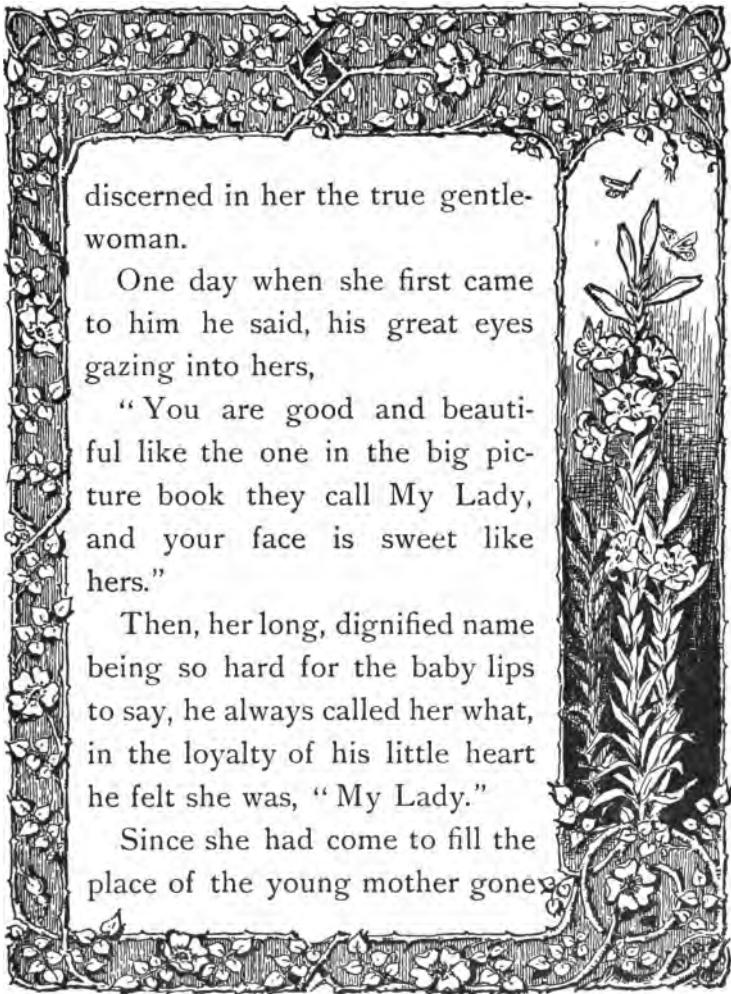
She had wakened on this morning with songs of Easter gladness, and





her joy had lingered through the hours till she sorely needed its help; then the sadness of her heart had driven its comfort out, so she had sought solitude to gather strength and, if she might, to find repose.

This was a noble lady, else her eyes would not just now have been so sad, but her title was not of real value—as men count values. It had been won from a royal little fellow who, in his story books, held familiar converse with those of high degree, and whose sensitive nature and unerring instinct had



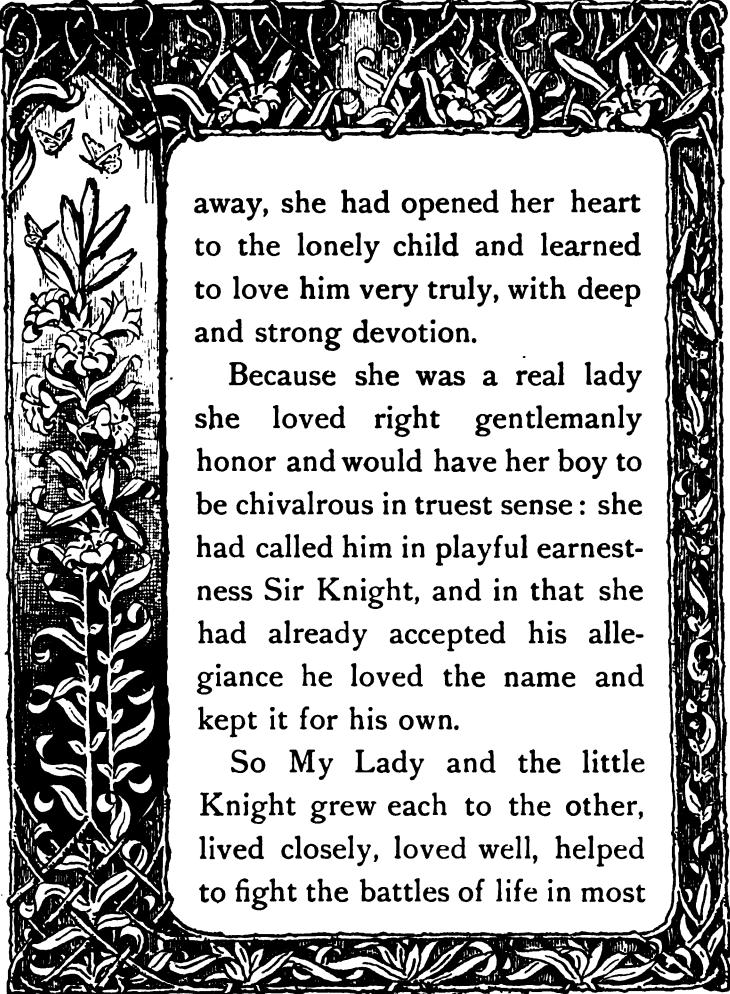
discerned in her the true gentle-woman.

One day when she first came to him he said, his great eyes gazing into hers,

"You are good and beautiful like the one in the big picture book they call My Lady, and your face is sweet like hers."

Then, her long, dignified name being so hard for the baby lips to say, he always called her what, in the loyalty of his little heart he felt she was, "My Lady."

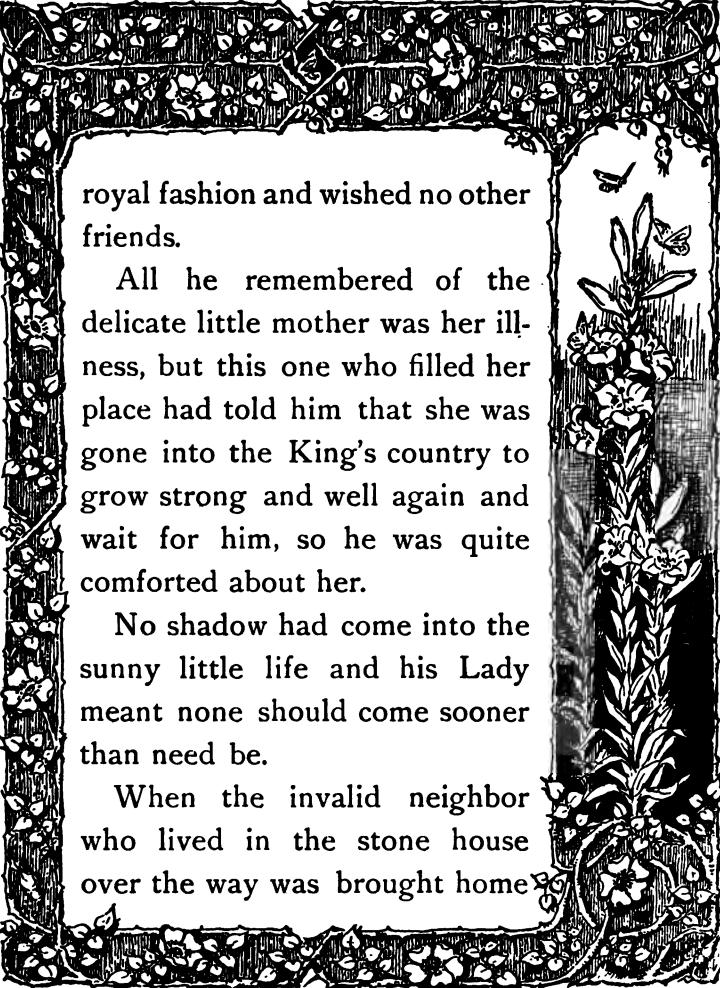
Since she had come to fill the place of the young mother gone



away, she had opened her heart to the lonely child and learned to love him very truly, with deep and strong devotion.

Because she was a real lady she loved right gentlemanly honor and would have her boy to be chivalrous in truest sense: she had called him in playful earnestness Sir Knight, and in that she had already accepted his allegiance he loved the name and kept it for his own.

So My Lady and the little Knight grew each to the other, lived closely, loved well, helped to fight the battles of life in most

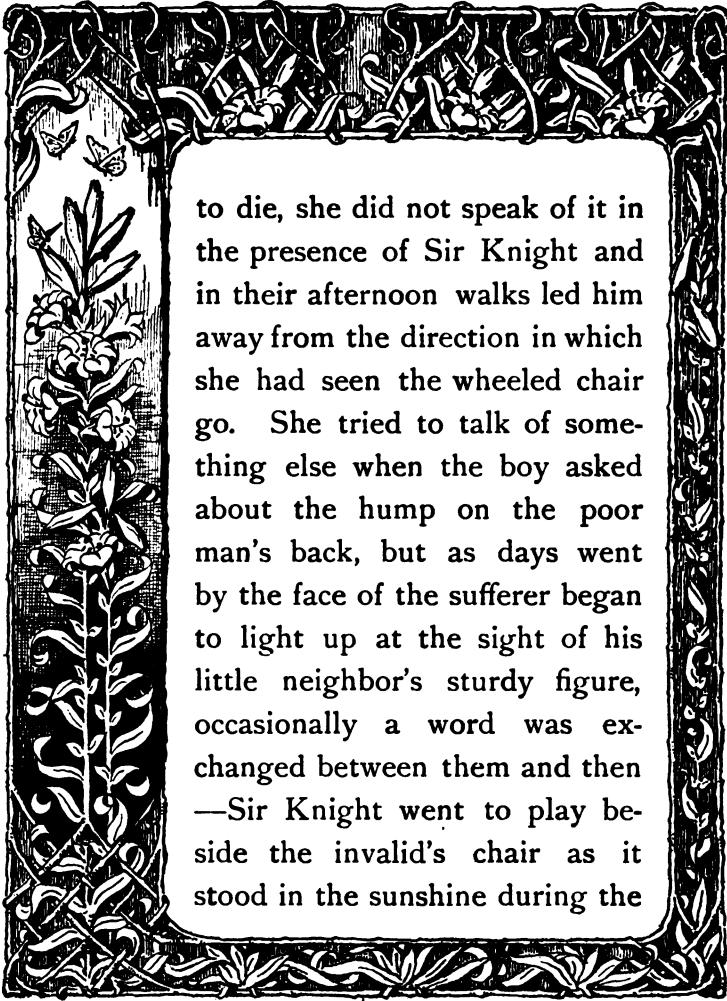


royal fashion and wished no other friends.

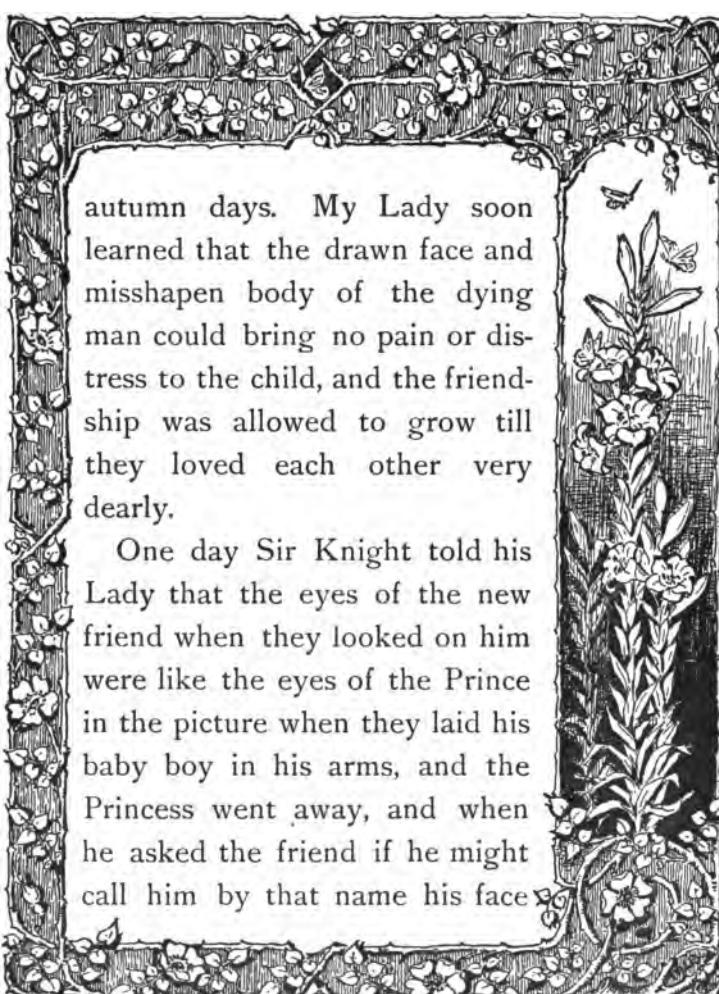
All he remembered of the delicate little mother was her illness, but this one who filled her place had told him that she was gone into the King's country to grow strong and well again and wait for him, so he was quite comforted about her.

No shadow had come into the sunny little life and his Lady meant none should come sooner than need be.

When the invalid neighbor who lived in the stone house over the way was brought home

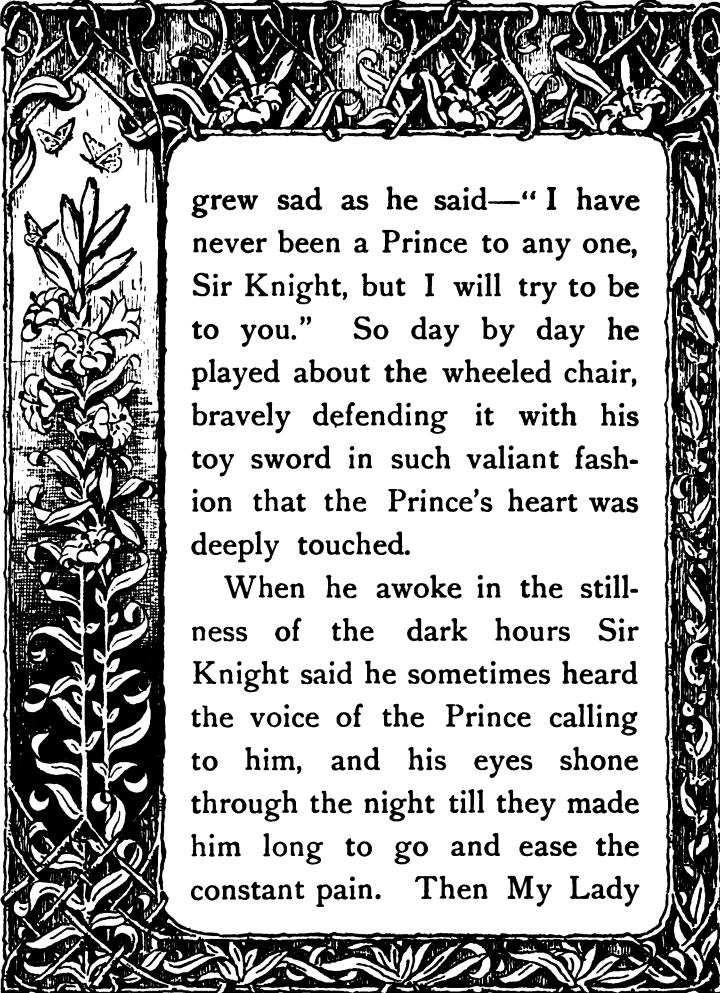


to die, she did not speak of it in the presence of Sir Knight and in their afternoon walks led him away from the direction in which she had seen the wheeled chair go. She tried to talk of something else when the boy asked about the hump on the poor man's back, but as days went by the face of the sufferer began to light up at the sight of his little neighbor's sturdy figure, occasionally a word was exchanged between them and then —Sir Knight went to play beside the invalid's chair as it stood in the sunshine during the



autumn days. My Lady soon learned that the drawn face and misshapen body of the dying man could bring no pain or distress to the child, and the friendship was allowed to grow till they loved each other very dearly.

One day Sir Knight told his Lady that the eyes of the new friend when they looked on him were like the eyes of the Prince in the picture when they laid his baby boy in his arms, and the Princess went away, and when he asked the friend if he might call him by that name his face



grew sad as he said—"I have never been a Prince to any one, Sir Knight, but I will try to be to you." So day by day he played about the wheeled chair, bravely defending it with his toy sword in such valiant fashion that the Prince's heart was deeply touched.

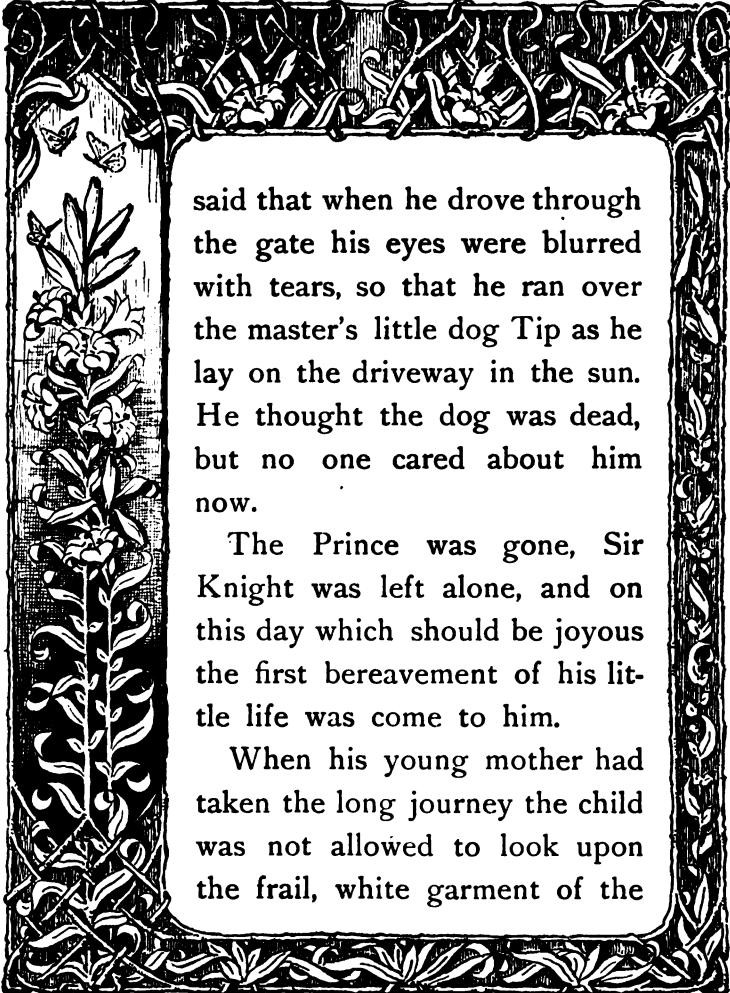
When he awoke in the stillness of the dark hours Sir Knight said he sometimes heard the voice of the Prince calling to him, and his eyes shone through the night till they made him long to go and ease the constant pain. Then My Lady

knew that the childish heart had learned the lesson of loving, and she was very grateful to the gentle, suffering friend.

But now the days of patient waiting in the invalid chair were over, the Prince had found his way into the Land of the King, and the shades in the stone house were drawn down.

The coachman had stopped in to tell the "little mister" that his friend was gone, and bring some Easter lilies he had meant for Sir Knight.

The big, burly fellow seemed to be very sad about it, and



said that when he drove through the gate his eyes were blurred with tears, so that he ran over the master's little dog Tip as he lay on the driveway in the sun. He thought the dog was dead, but no one cared about him now.

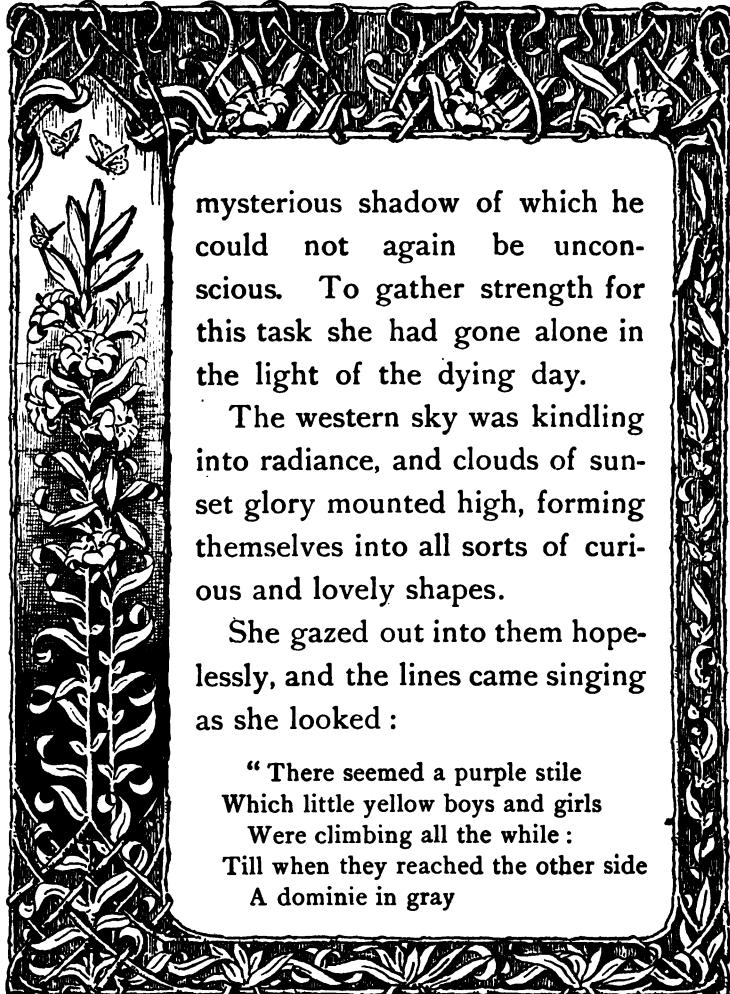
The Prince was gone, Sir Knight was left alone, and on this day which should be joyous the first bereavement of his little life was come to him.

When his young mother had taken the long journey the child was not allowed to look upon the frail, white garment of the

flesh which she had worn, or to see it put away. My Lady hoped he might never know death as an enemy, and longed that he might be defended from fear before the time of fear should come.

This Easter day she had taught him of the life beyond, its joy and love, but of the dark passage thither she had not spoken. She did not know if she were able, even with the Easter gladness in her heart, to look into the child's eyes and say the friend he loved was gone down into a great and



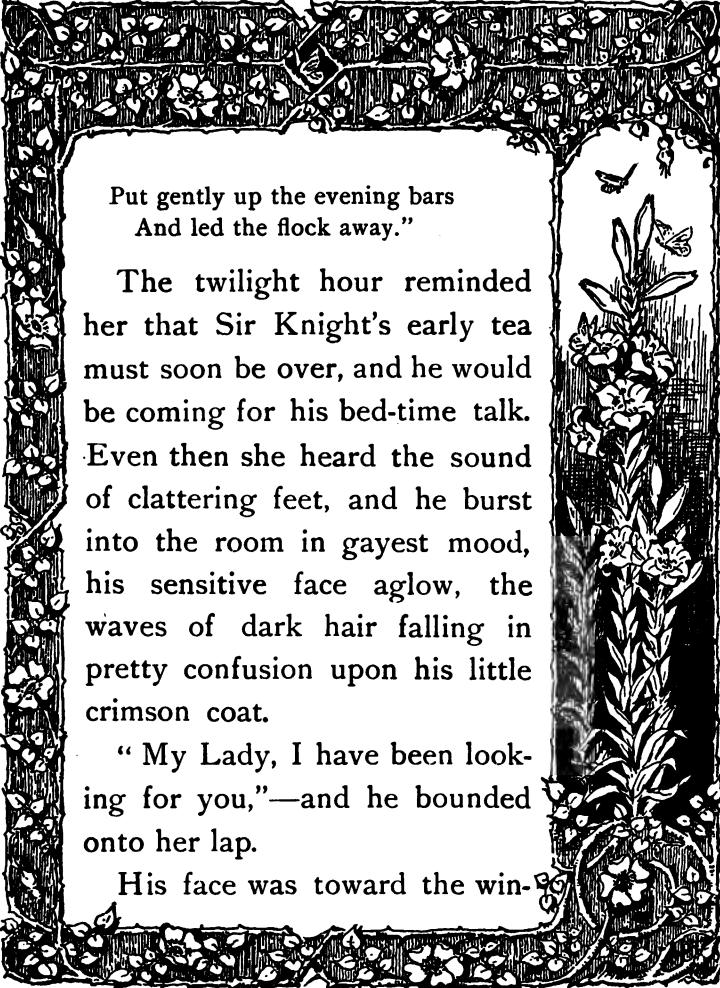


mysterious shadow of which he could not again be unconscious. To gather strength for this task she had gone alone in the light of the dying day.

The western sky was kindling into radiance, and clouds of sunset glory mounted high, forming themselves into all sorts of curious and lovely shapes.

She gazed out into them hopelessly, and the lines came singing as she looked :

“ There seemed a purple stile  
Which little yellow boys and girls  
Were climbing all the while :  
Till when they reached the other side  
A dominie in gray

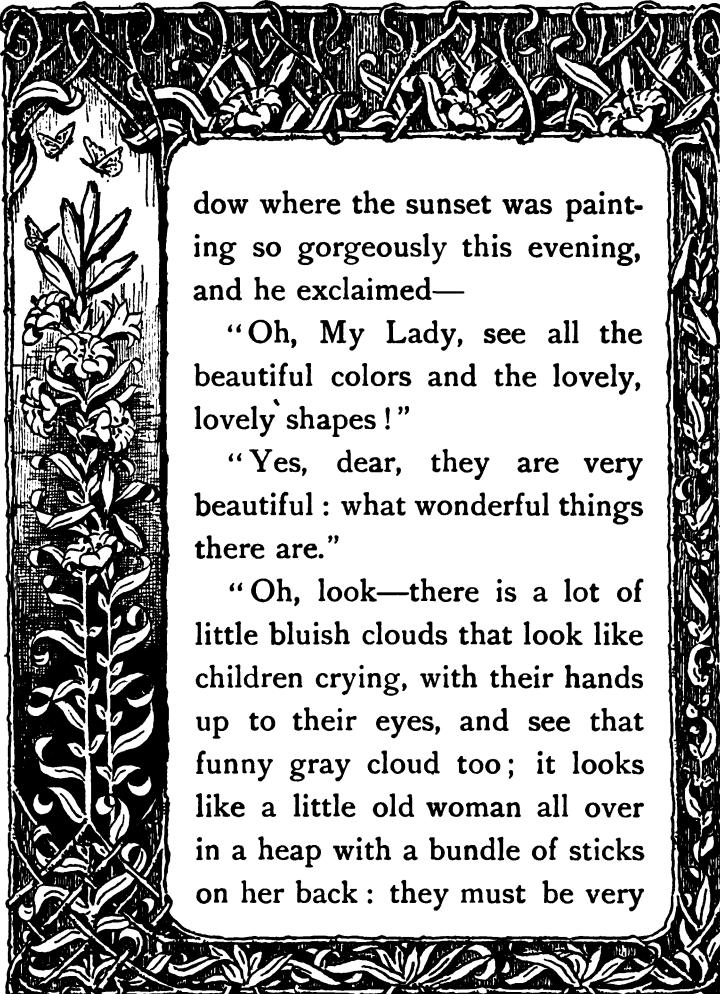


Put gently up the evening bars  
And led the flock away."

The twilight hour reminded her that Sir Knight's early tea must soon be over, and he would be coming for his bed-time talk. Even then she heard the sound of clattering feet, and he burst into the room in gayest mood, his sensitive face aglow, the waves of dark hair falling in pretty confusion upon his little crimson coat.

"My Lady, I have been looking for you,"—and he bounded onto her lap.

His face was toward the win-



dow where the sunset was painting so gorgeously this evening, and he exclaimed—

“Oh, My Lady, see all the beautiful colors and the lovely, lovely shapes !”

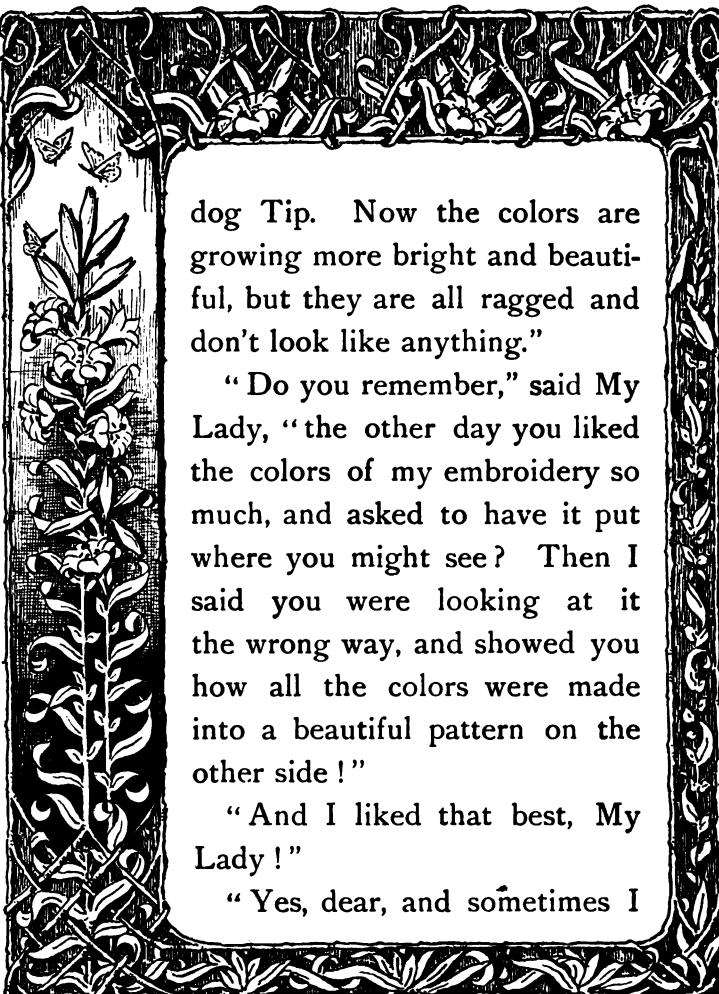
“Yes, dear, they are very beautiful : what wonderful things there are.”

“Oh, look—there is a lot of little bluish clouds that look like children crying, with their hands up to their eyes, and see that funny gray cloud too ; it looks like a little old woman all over in a heap with a bundle of sticks on her back : they must be very

heavy, she is bending down so low!"

"But there are such lovely shapes, too, Sir Knight, that mean pleasant things—the clouds of rose and green and amber; they look like palaces and towers, as though a king lived in them. It is like a glimpse of some wonderful new country!"

"Oh, My Lady, look there, over the old woman—see the big war-horses all covered with foam, as if they had just come from battle, and see that mite of a black, black cloud way down low about as big as my Prince's

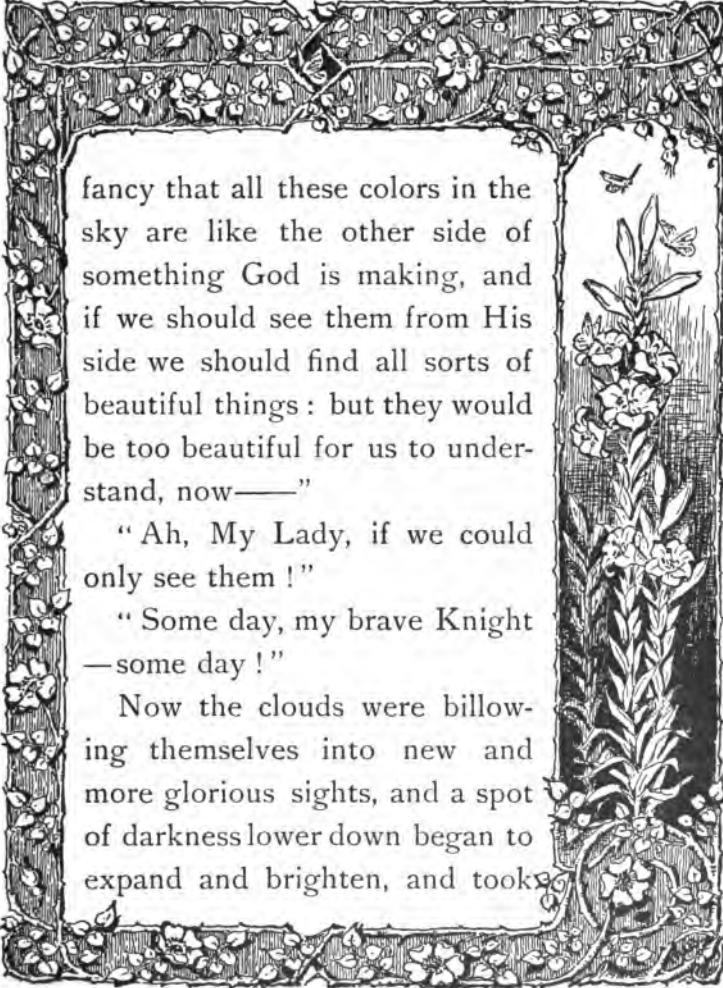


dog Tip. Now the colors are growing more bright and beautiful, but they are all ragged and don't look like anything."

"Do you remember," said My Lady, "the other day you liked the colors of my embroidery so much, and asked to have it put where you might see? Then I said you were looking at it the wrong way, and showed you how all the colors were made into a beautiful pattern on the other side!"

"And I liked that best, My Lady!"

"Yes, dear, and sometimes I

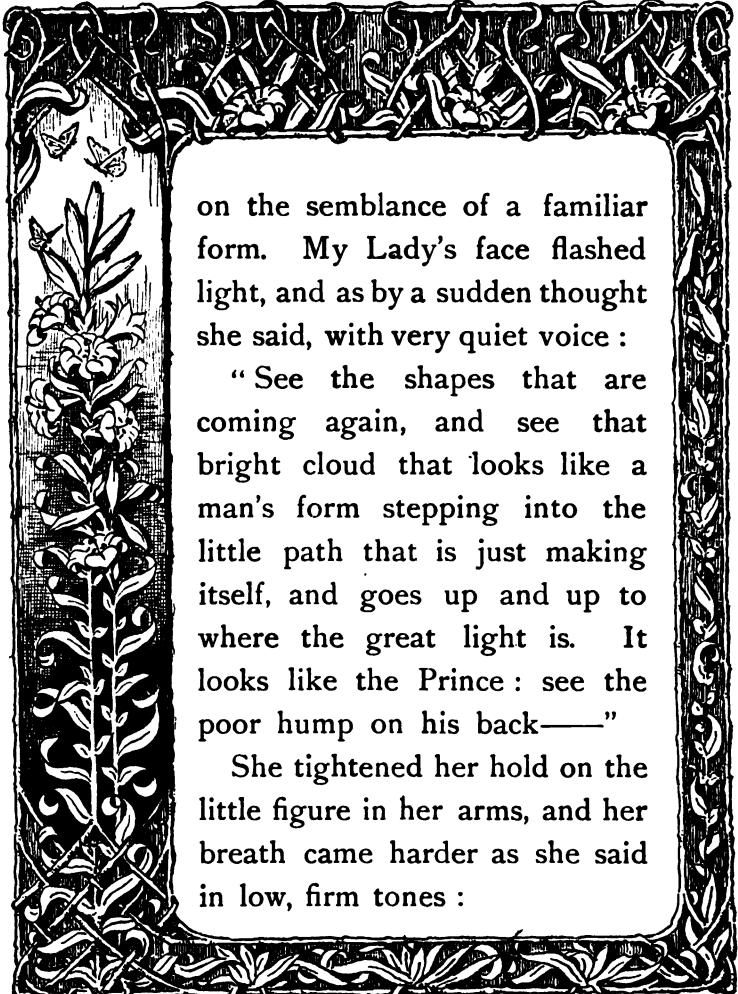


fancy that all these colors in the sky are like the other side of something God is making, and if we should see them from His side we should find all sorts of beautiful things : but they would be too beautiful for us to understand, now——”

“ Ah, My Lady, if we could only see them ! ”

“ Some day, my brave Knight —some day ! ”

Now the clouds were billowing themselves into new and more glorious sights, and a spot of darkness lower down began to expand and brighten, and took



on the semblance of a familiar form. My Lady's face flashed light, and as by a sudden thought she said, with very quiet voice :

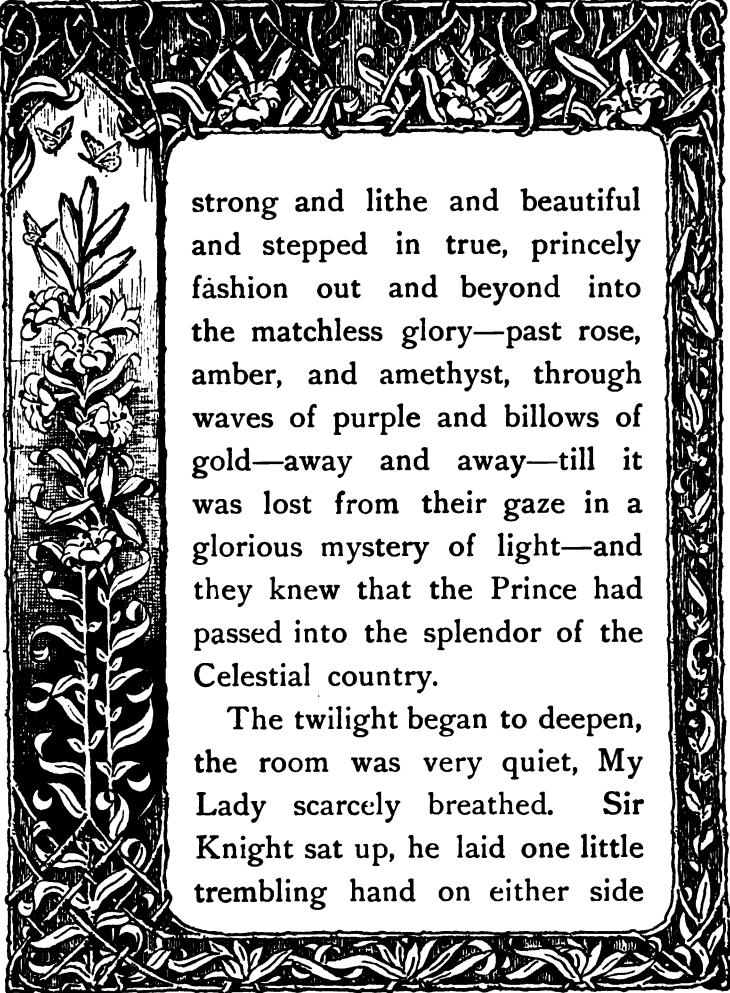
“ See the shapes that are coming again, and see that bright cloud that looks like a man's form stepping into the little path that is just making itself, and goes up and up to where the great light is. It looks like the Prince : see the poor hump on his back——”

She tightened her hold on the little figure in her arms, and her breath came harder as she said in low, firm tones :

“Sir Knight — it is the Prince !”

“They brought word this afternoon that he had started for the Celestial country : the horizon is not far, to him, and he must have reached just now that shining way.”

They watched the slow-moving, cloudy figure in silence as it went—along the radiant highway—beyond the steeps of light—past the crying children, the bowed old woman and the foam-flecked war-horses—the poor, knotted figure straightening and expanding on its way till it was



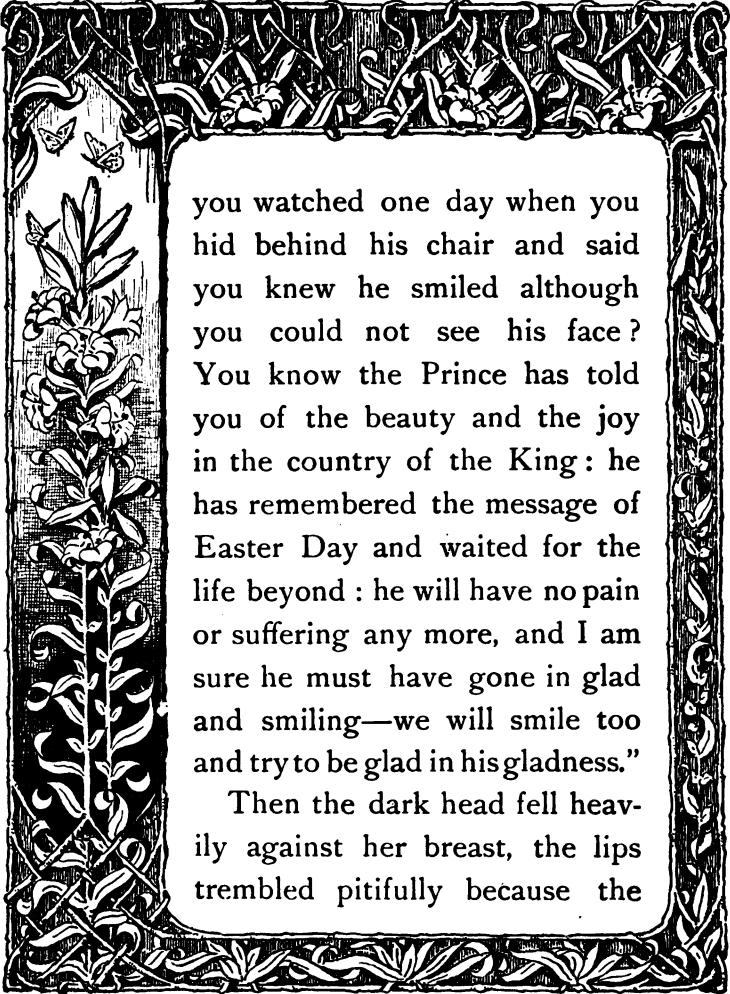
strong and lithe and beautiful  
and stepped in true, princely  
fashion out and beyond into  
the matchless glory—past rose,  
amber, and amethyst, through  
waves of purple and billows of  
gold—away and away—till it  
was lost from their gaze in a  
glorious mystery of light—and  
they knew that the Prince had  
passed into the splendor of the  
Celestial country.

The twilight began to deepen,  
the room was very quiet, My  
Lady scarcely breathed. Sir  
Knight sat up, he laid one little  
trembling hand on either side

her face, the great eyes widened and wondered and pierced down through her soul.

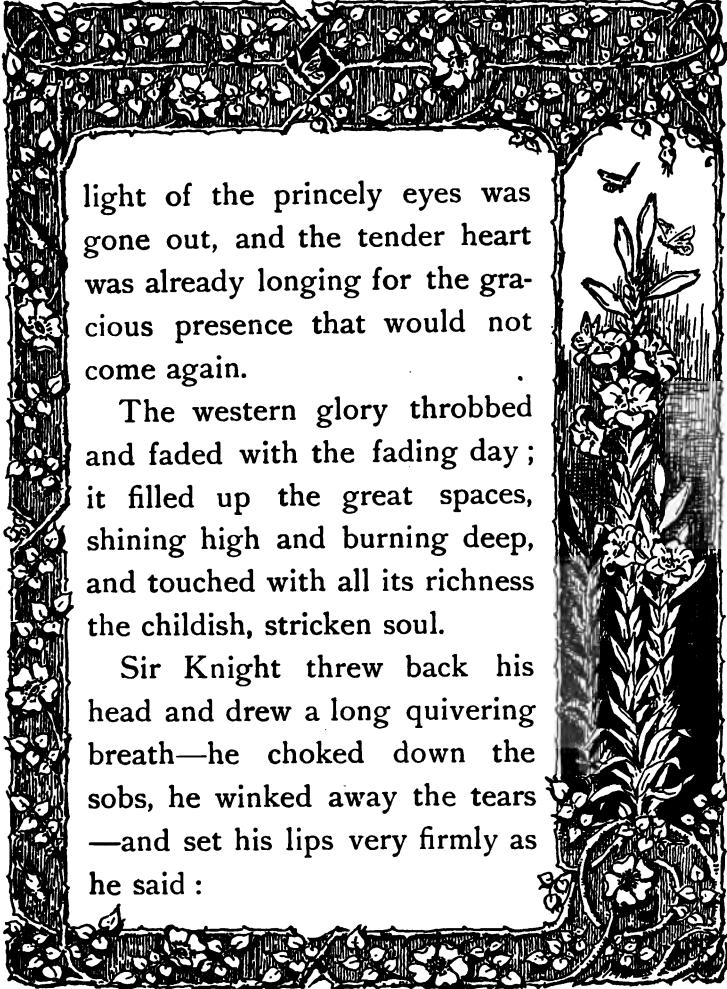
" My Lady—the *Prince*—is gone! —and what I thought was a little black cloud way down low must have been Tip going in behind ! They went through that shining place where the great light is, and I cannot see them any more ; but, My Lady, those who go into the King's country do not come back again ! "

" No, brave heart ; but as the Prince turned away did you see that curved line of his cheek ?



you watched one day when you hid behind his chair and said you knew he smiled although you could not see his face? You know the Prince has told you of the beauty and the joy in the country of the King: he has remembered the message of Easter Day and waited for the life beyond: he will have no pain or suffering any more, and I am sure he must have gone in glad and smiling—we will smile too and try to be glad in his gladness."

Then the dark head fell heavily against her breast, the lips trembled pitifully because the



light of the princely eyes was gone out, and the tender heart was already longing for the gracious presence that would not come again.

The western glory throbbed and faded with the fading day ; it filled up the great spaces, shining high and burning deep, and touched with all its richness the childish, stricken soul.

Sir Knight threw back his head and drew a long quivering breath—he choked down the sobs, he winked away the tears—and set his lips very firmly as he said :

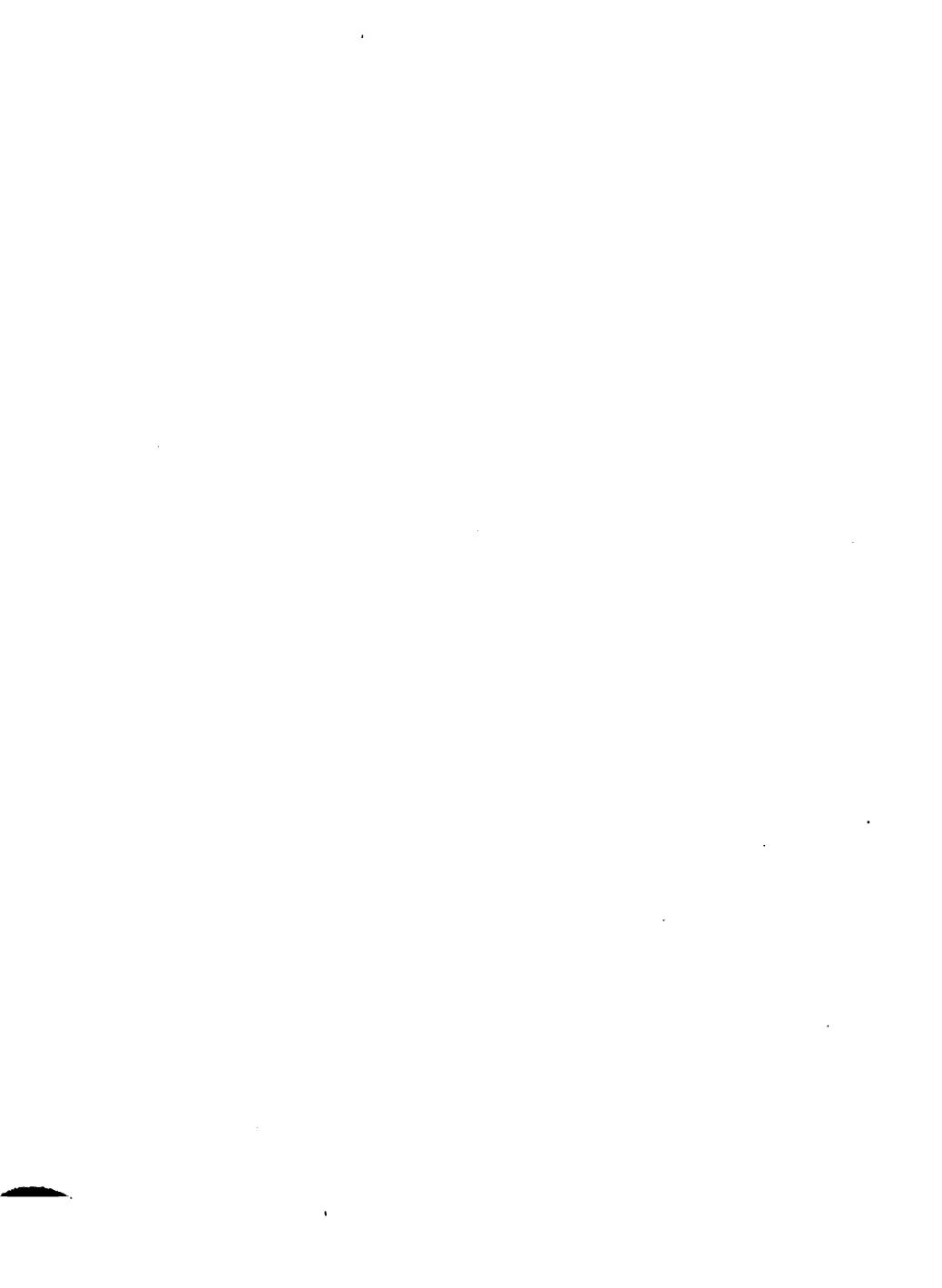


“The wrong side of the work  
the King is doing is very beauti-  
ful, My Lady, *so* beautiful that  
I am glad my Prince has gone  
where he can see the real things  
God means and never suffer any  
more !”

It happened, somehow, that  
My Lady could not speak. Her  
eyes shone through the gather-  
ing gloom, and as the child  
stirred gently in her arms she  
laid her lips down on his tum-  
bled hair.

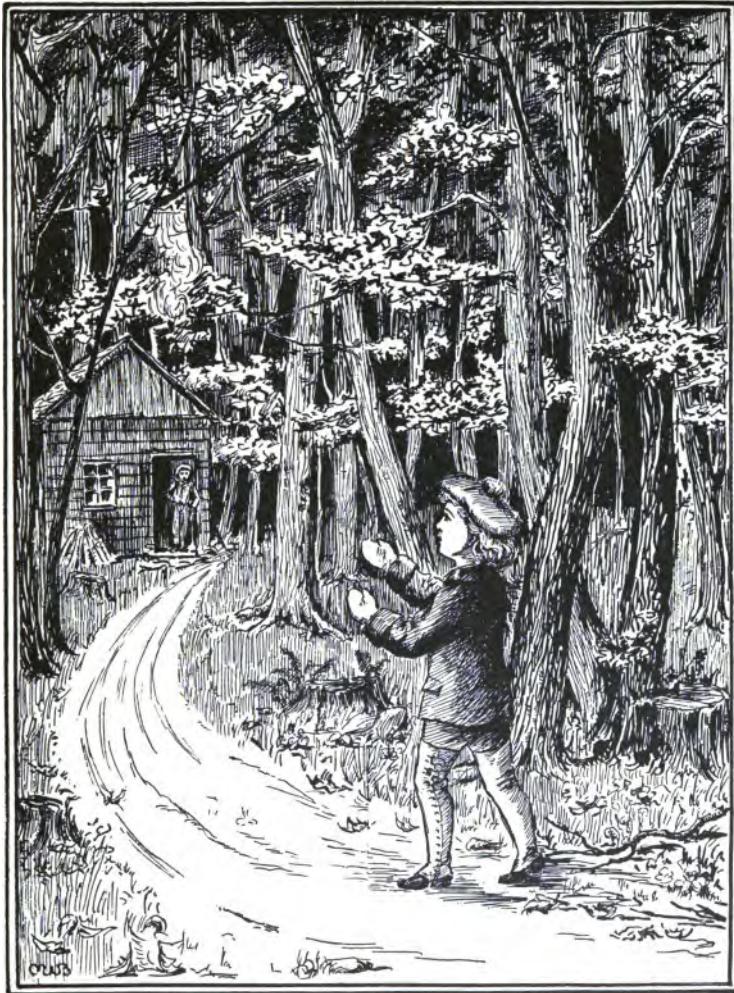
He had won a glorious vic-  
tory : fear of the “dark enemy”  
was conquered, the sacrifice of

love was learned, and by the touch of a woman's kiss on the little bowed head, amid the shining of the Easter lilies, his Lady reknighted him there, and the new title which she gave was Sir Knight of the Golden Pathway.







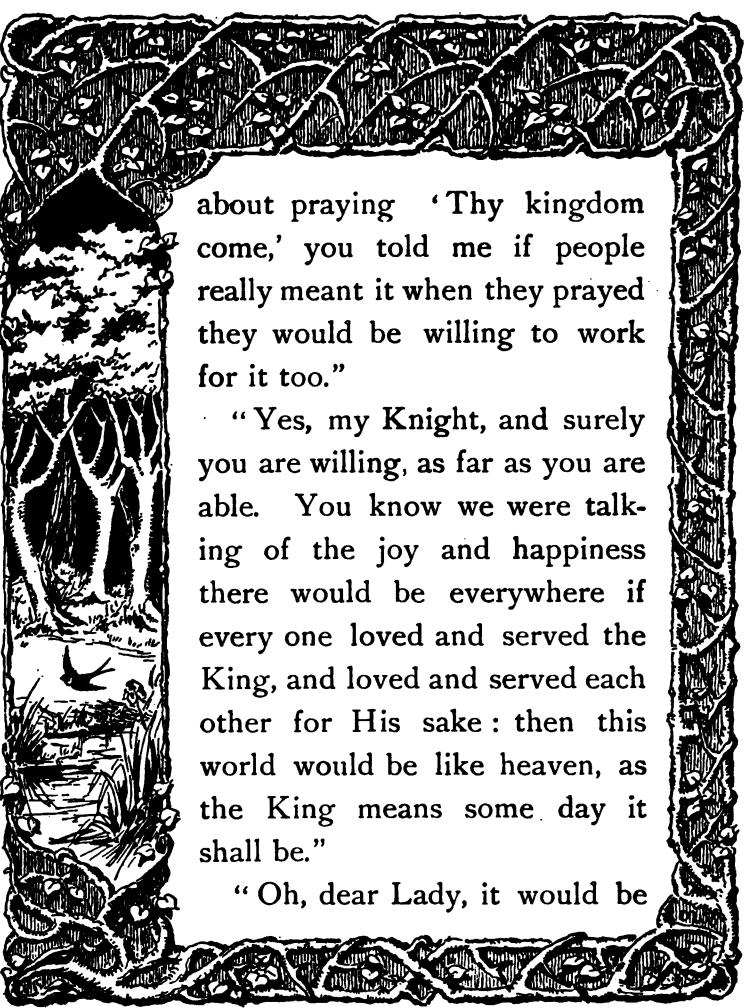




## II.

**T**was Easter even: the bright eyes of the stars were shining down and the wax taper in the little golden candlestick burned dim as Sir Knight rose up from his knees.

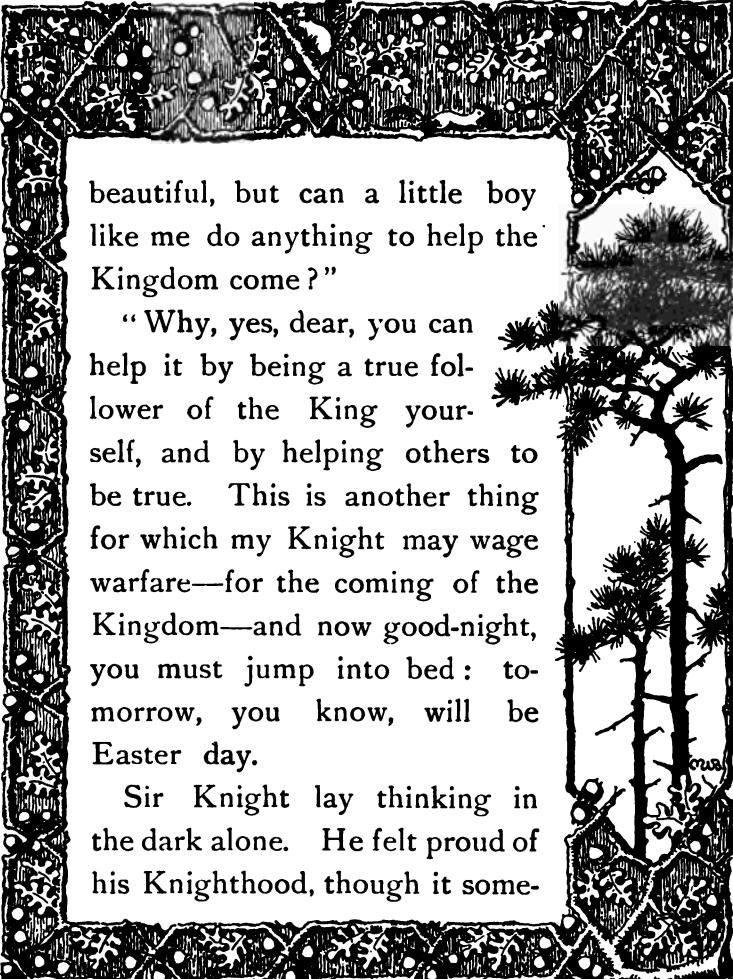
"My Lady, when I asked you last night



about praying ‘Thy kingdom come,’ you told me if people really meant it when they prayed they would be willing to work for it too.”

“Yes, my Knight, and surely you are willing, as far as you are able. You know we were talking of the joy and happiness there would be everywhere if every one loved and served the King, and loved and served each other for His sake: then this world would be like heaven, as the King means some day it shall be.”

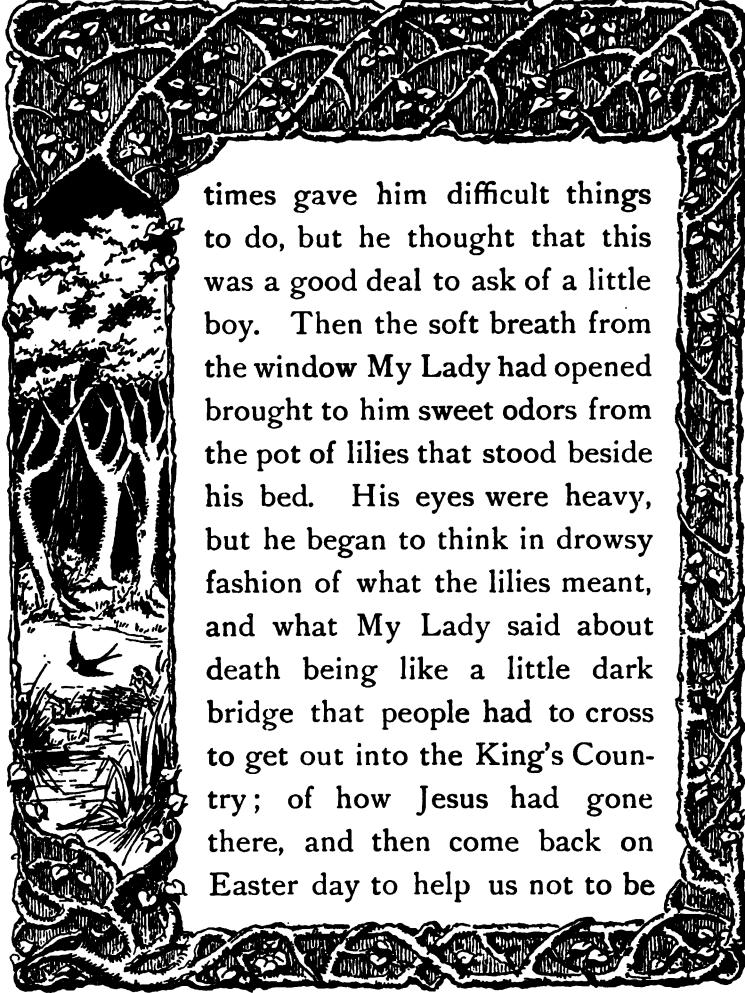
“Oh, dear Lady, it would be



beautiful, but can a little boy like me do anything to help the Kingdom come?"

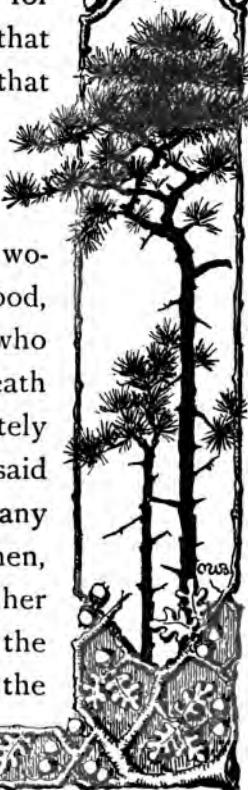
"Why, yes, dear, you can help it by being a true follower of the King yourself, and by helping others to be true. This is another thing for which my Knight may wage warfare—for the coming of the Kingdom—and now good-night, you must jump into bed: tomorrow, you know, will be Easter day.

Sir Knight lay thinking in the dark alone. He felt proud of his Knighthood, though it some-



times gave him difficult things to do, but he thought that this was a good deal to ask of a little boy. Then the soft breath from the window My Lady had opened brought to him sweet odors from the pot of lilies that stood beside his bed. His eyes were heavy, but he began to think in drowsy fashion of what the lilies meant, and what My Lady said about death being like a little dark bridge that people had to cross to get out into the King's Country; of how Jesus had gone there, and then come back on Easter day to help us not to be

afraid, and how he ate fish for breakfast, to show his friends that he was just the same Jesus that had gone away. Then he thought how he waited with the carriage for My Lady when she went to see the old woman in the cottage near the wood, and how the woodcutters who passed were talking about death because a companion had lately been killed, and one of them said he did not believe there was any other life than this—and then, just as sleep claimed him for her own, there came a gleam of the eyes of his Prince, who on the





last Easter day had gone into the Land of the King. Sir Knight thought of the dark bridge, then of the shining way, and wondered, dimly, if the Prince went so because he was not strong or able to cross the little dark bridge alone.

When he awoke next morning after his night of sound, childish sleep, the daylight had just begun to dawn.

He remembered that it was Easter Sunday, and the scent of the lilies brought to his mind some lines My Lady had taught him—

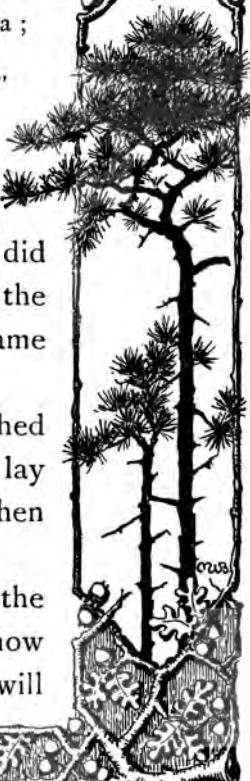


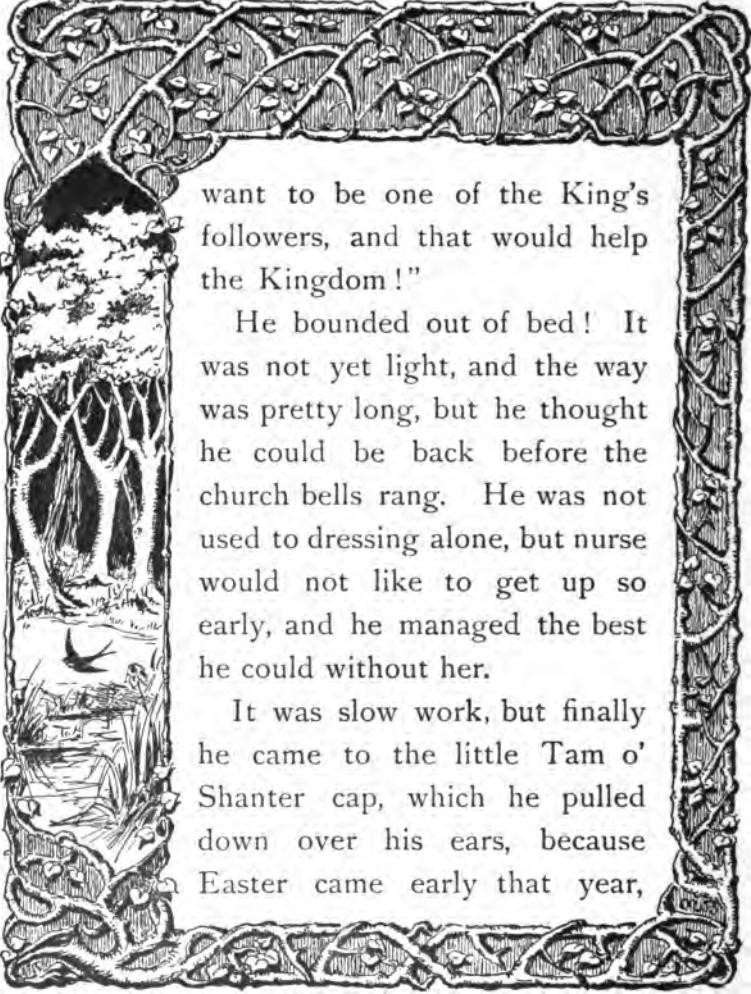
"In the beauty of the lilies  
Christ was born across the sea ;  
As He died to make men holy,  
Let us die to make men free."

With this thought came the remembrance of the hard face of the woodcutter who did not know anything about the beautiful life of which Jesus came to tell.

Suddenly a thought flashed into the child's mind—he lay quite still for a moment—then said Sir Knight to himself :

"I might go and tell the woodcutter; he ought to know about it, and perhaps he will

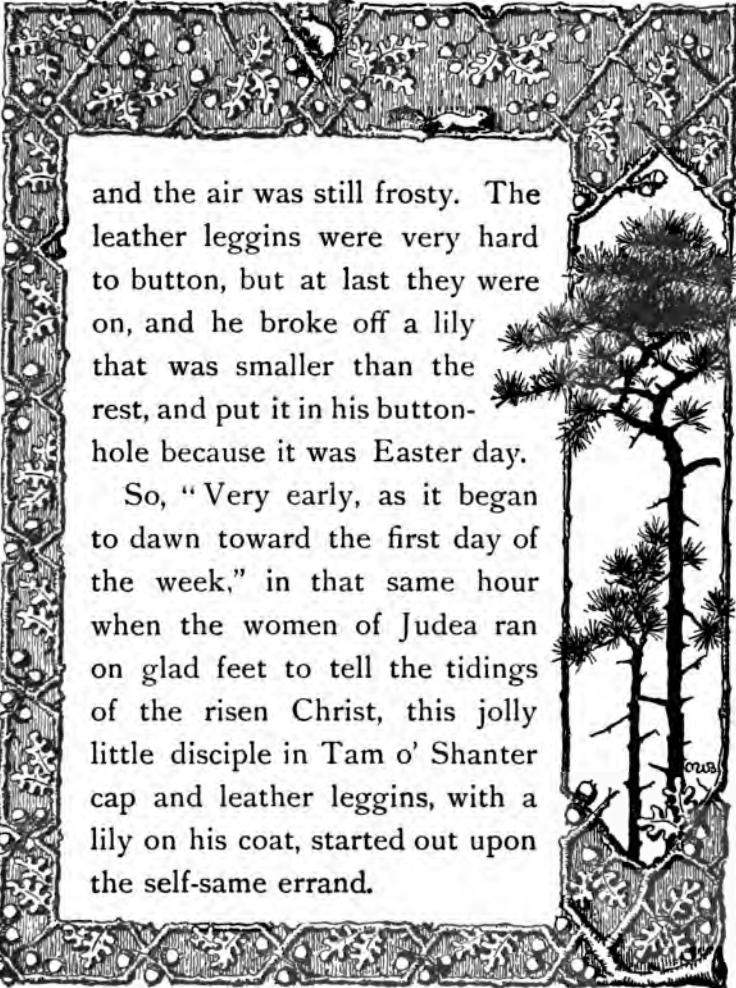




want to be one of the King's followers, and that would help the Kingdom!"

He bounded out of bed! It was not yet light, and the way was pretty long, but he thought he could be back before the church bells rang. He was not used to dressing alone, but nurse would not like to get up so early, and he managed the best he could without her.

It was slow work, but finally he came to the little Tam o' Shanter cap, which he pulled down over his ears, because Easter came early that year,



and the air was still frosty. The leather leggins were very hard to button, but at last they were on, and he broke off a lily that was smaller than the rest, and put it in his button-hole because it was Easter day.

So, "Very early, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week," in that same hour when the women of Judea ran on glad feet to tell the tidings of the risen Christ, this jolly little disciple in Tam o' Shanter cap and leather leggins, with a lily on his coat, started out upon the self-same errand.

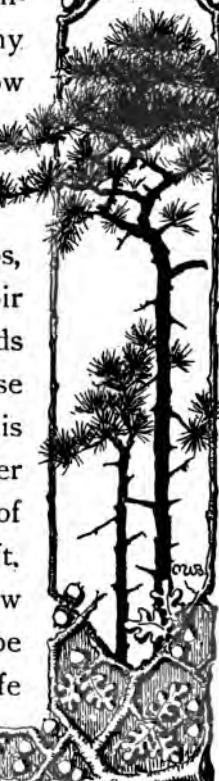


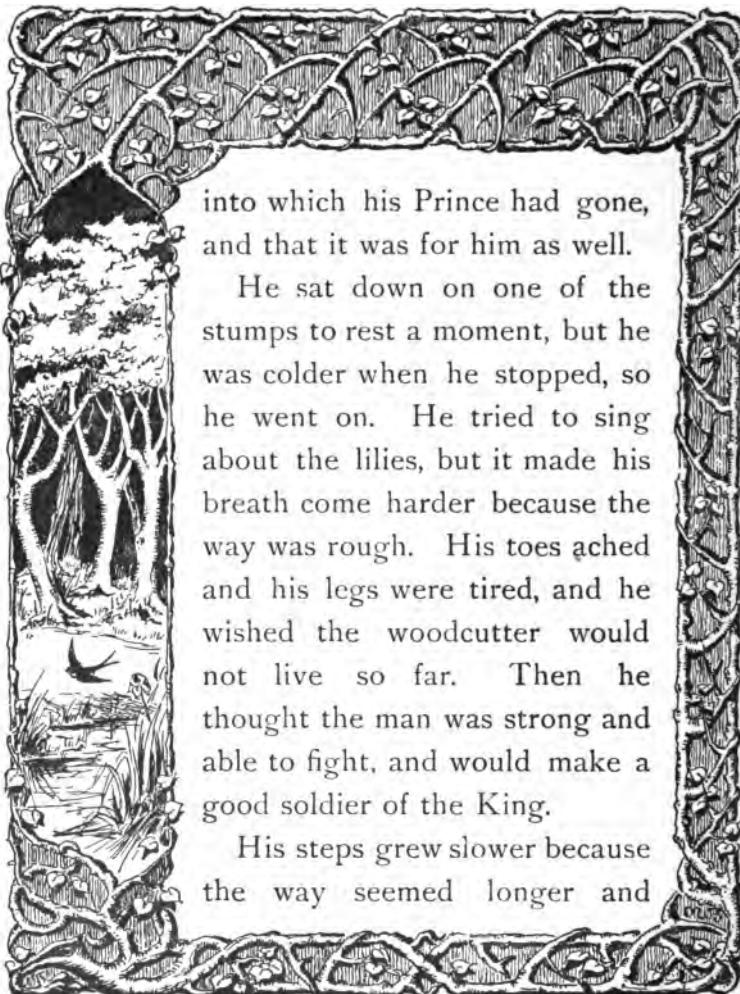
The air was bright and crisp,  
and set all the blood in his  
round, healthy little body ting-  
ling. He danced and capered  
as he went, and wished My  
Lady were there.

He found little lumps of snow  
to throw at the sparrows, but  
they were soft and would not  
hurt; so he trudged along, de-  
lighting in the air and motion.  
The morning was keen as he  
faced the wind, and it grew  
colder after a little: the path  
soon turned into the woods, and  
the sun was not fully up yet.  
He had never walked all the

way before : he heard the coachman say the other day how many miles it was : he did not know how far it meant, but he hoped it was not long.

The pathway grew harder —it was rough and full of stumps, and tired the little feet. Sir Knight tried to pull his hands up inside his coat sleeves because his fingers were cold through his mittens. As the way grew harder and harder he began to think of the warm little bed he had left, but then he thought, too, how glad the woodcutter would be to know about the beautiful life



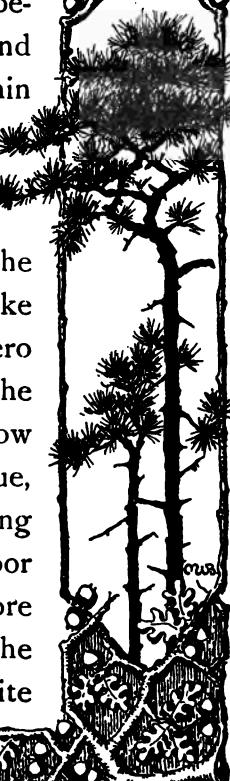


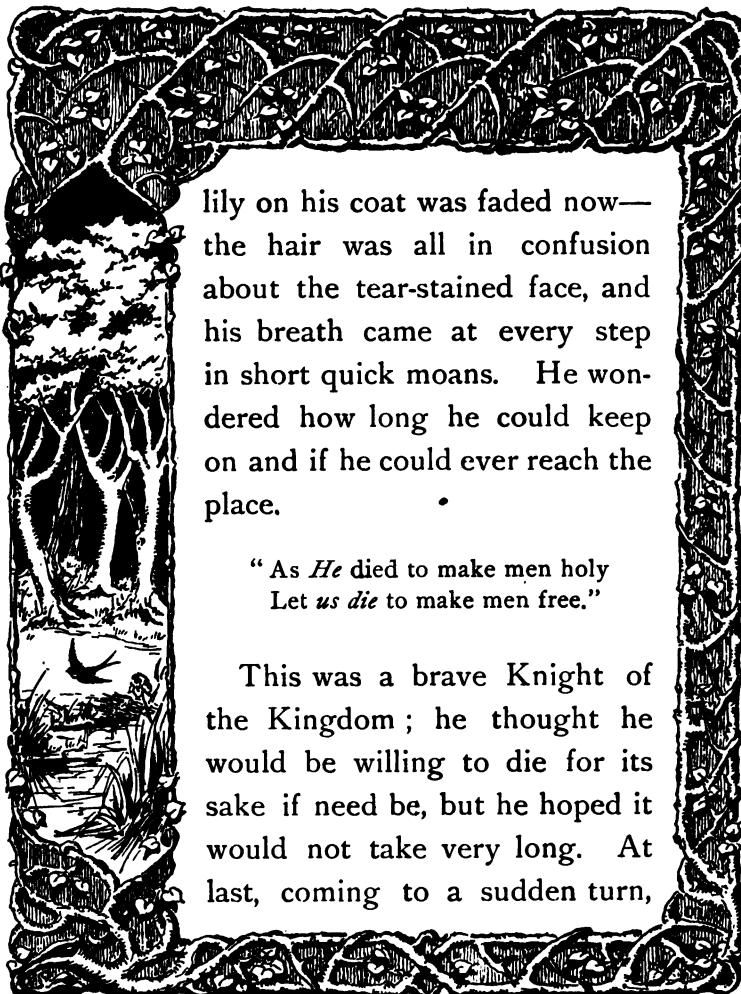
into which his Prince had gone,  
and that it was for him as well.

He sat down on one of the stumps to rest a moment, but he was colder when he stopped, so he went on. He tried to sing about the lilies, but it made his breath come harder because the way was rough. His toes ached and his legs were tired, and he wished the woodcutter would not live so far. Then he thought the man was strong and able to fight, and would make a good soldier of the King.

His steps grew slower because the way seemed longer and

more weary—the brave heart began to sink. Rough stones and stumps had cut through the thin little shoes he had put on, and his feet were torn and bleeding. The tears started at sight of the blood but the thought came “He *died* to make men holy,” and the young hero kept bravely on. On and on the forlorn little figure toiled, now and then falling from fatigue, every inch of his body aching from the cold and strain, the poor torn feet hurting more and more at every step till it seemed he could not stand. The fair white

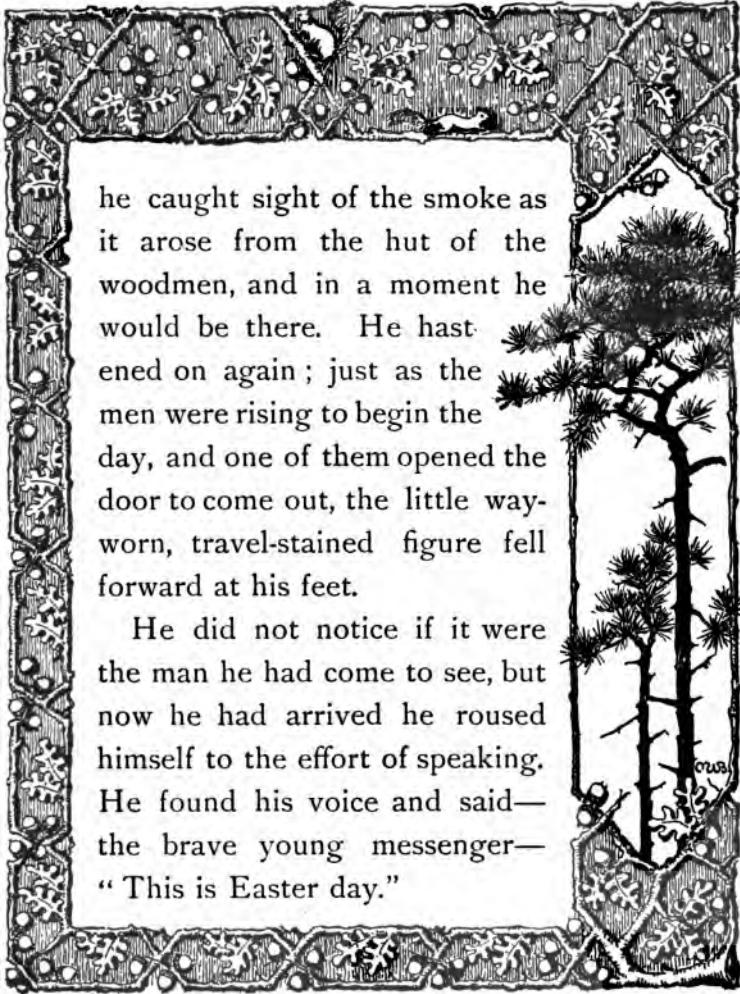




lily on his coat was faded now—the hair was all in confusion about the tear-stained face, and his breath came at every step in short quick moans. He wondered how long he could keep on and if he could ever reach the place.

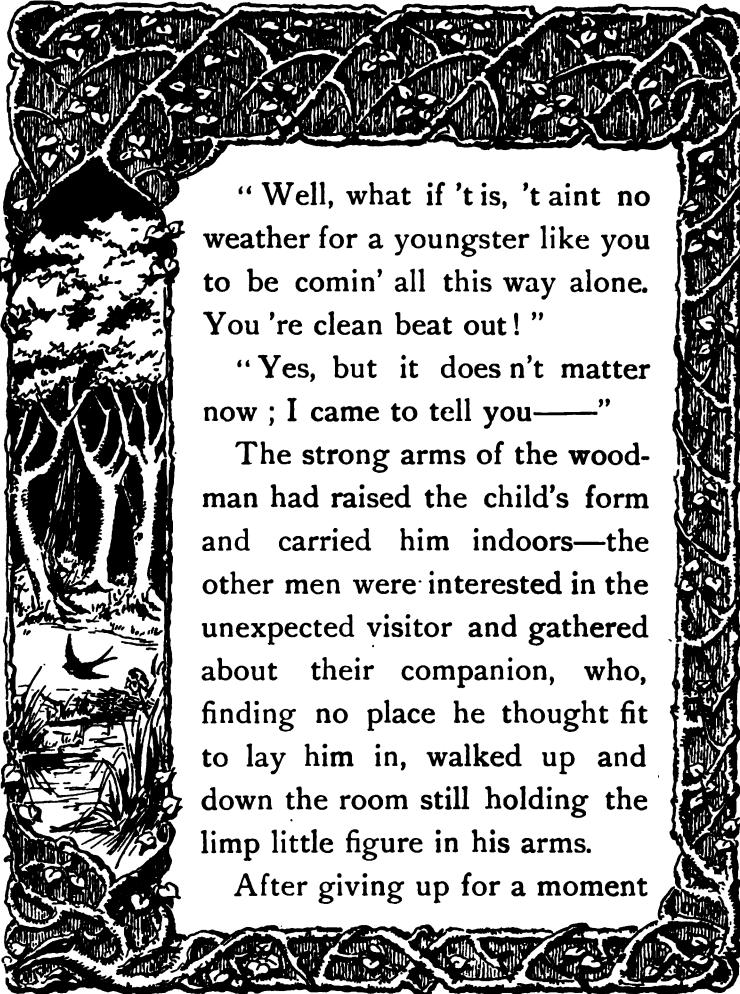
“As *He* died to make men holy  
Let *us* die to make men free.”

This was a brave Knight of the Kingdom; he thought he would be willing to die for its sake if need be, but he hoped it would not take very long. At last, coming to a sudden turn,



he caught sight of the smoke as it arose from the hut of the woodmen, and in a moment he would be there. He hastened on again; just as the men were rising to begin the day, and one of them opened the door to come out, the little way-worn, travel-stained figure fell forward at his feet.

He did not notice if it were the man he had come to see, but now he had arrived he roused himself to the effort of speaking. He found his voice and said—the brave young messenger—“ This is Easter day.”

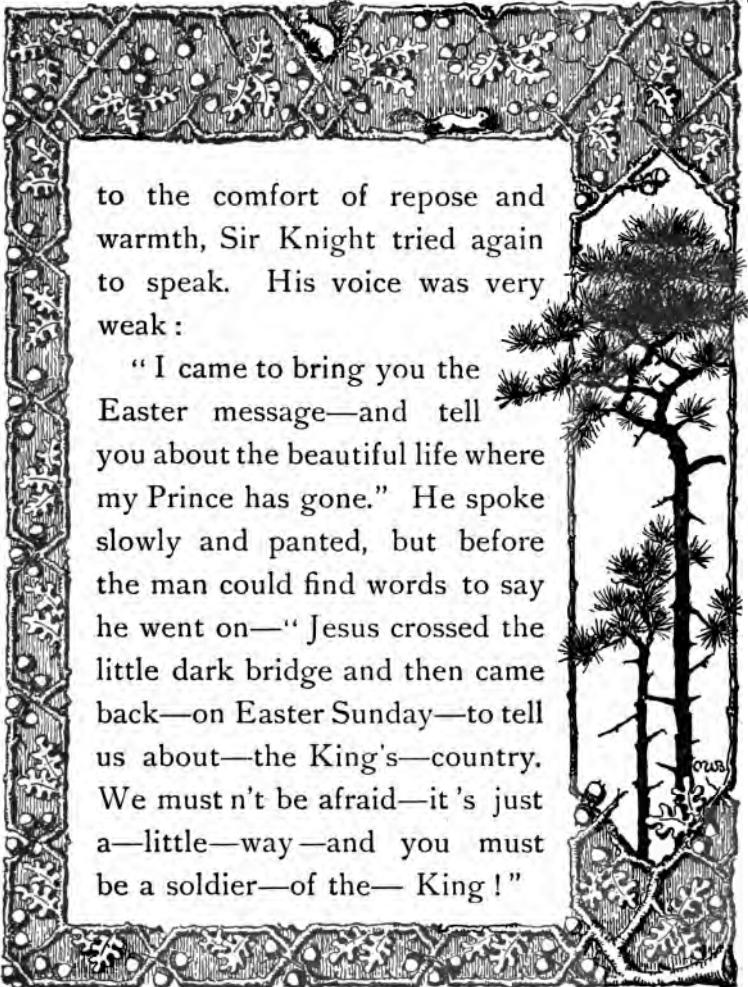


“ Well, what if ‘t is, ‘t aint no weather for a youngster like you to be comin’ all this way alone. You’re clean beat out ! ”

“ Yes, but it does n’t matter now ; I came to tell you——”

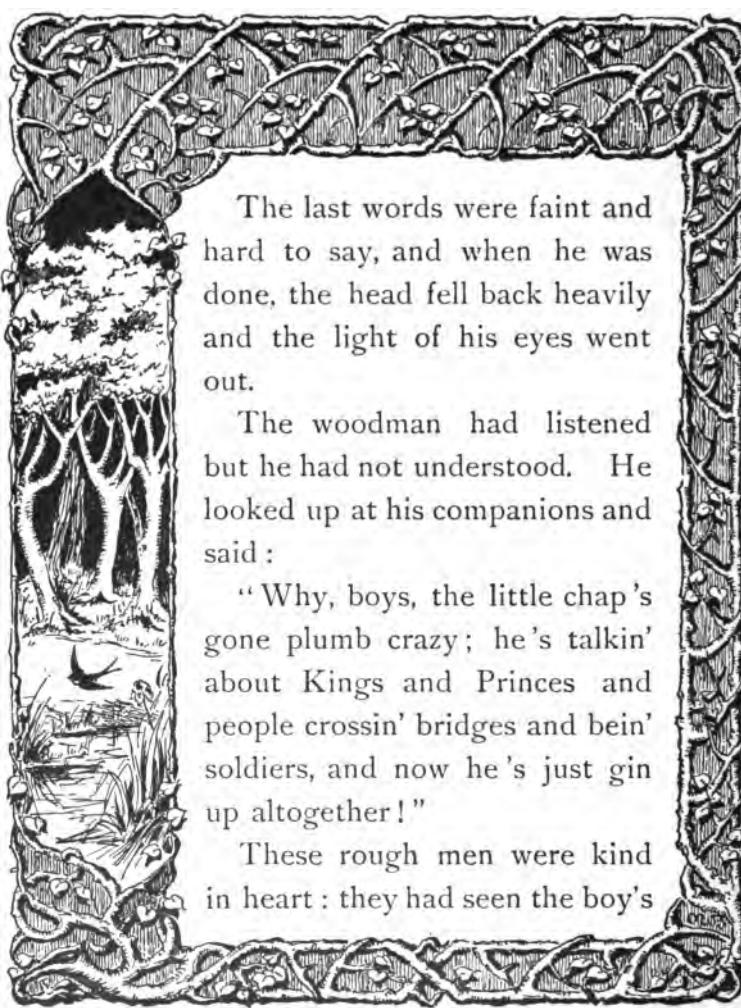
The strong arms of the woodman had raised the child’s form and carried him indoors—the other men were interested in the unexpected visitor and gathered about their companion, who, finding no place he thought fit to lay him in, walked up and down the room still holding the limp little figure in his arms.

After giving up for a moment



to the comfort of repose and warmth, Sir Knight tried again to speak. His voice was very weak :

“ I came to bring you the Easter message—and tell you about the beautiful life where my Prince has gone.” He spoke slowly and panted, but before the man could find words to say he went on—“ Jesus crossed the little dark bridge and then came back—on Easter Sunday—to tell us about—the King’s—country. We must n’t be afraid—it’s just a—little—way—and you must be a soldier—of the—King ! ”

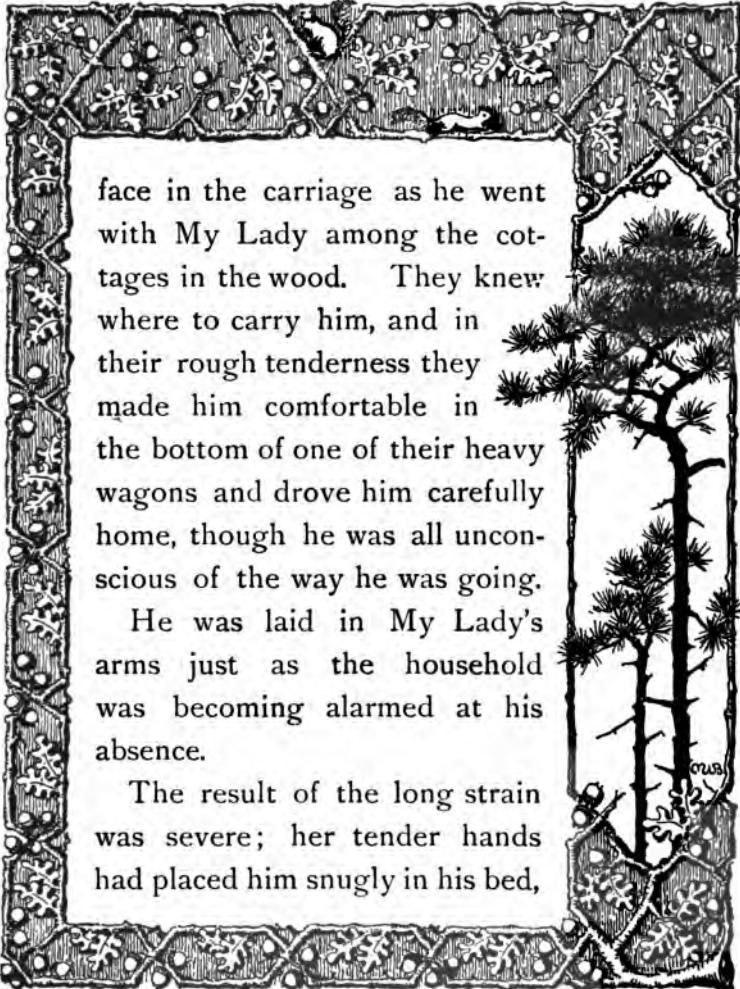


The last words were faint and hard to say, and when he was done, the head fell back heavily and the light of his eyes went out.

The woodman had listened but he had not understood. He looked up at his companions and said :

"Why, boys, the little chap's gone plumb crazy; he's talkin' about Kings and Princes and people crossin' bridges and bein' soldiers, and now he's just gin up altogether!"

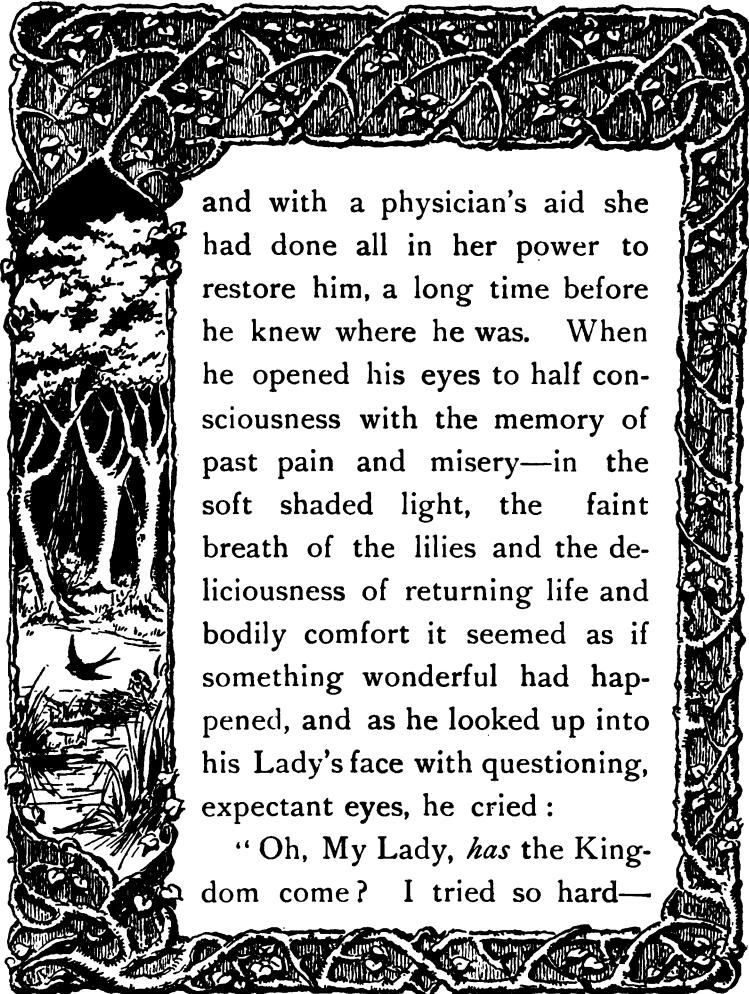
These rough men were kind in heart : they had seen the boy's



face in the carriage as he went with My Lady among the cottages in the wood. They knew where to carry him, and in their rough tenderness they made him comfortable in the bottom of one of their heavy wagons and drove him carefully home, though he was all unconscious of the way he was going.

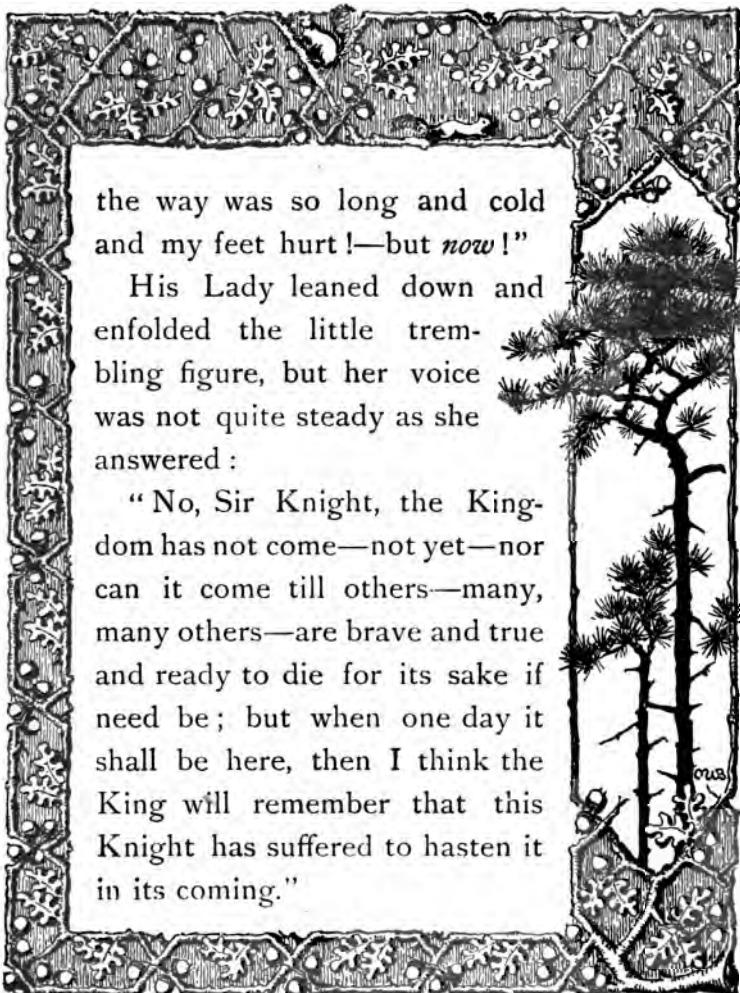
He was laid in My Lady's arms just as the household was becoming alarmed at his absence.

The result of the long strain was severe; her tender hands had placed him snugly in his bed,



and with a physician's aid she had done all in her power to restore him, a long time before he knew where he was. When he opened his eyes to half consciousness with the memory of past pain and misery—in the soft shaded light, the faint breath of the lilies and the deliciousness of returning life and bodily comfort it seemed as if something wonderful had happened, and as he looked up into his Lady's face with questioning, expectant eyes, he cried :

“ Oh, My Lady, *has* the Kingdom come? I tried so hard—



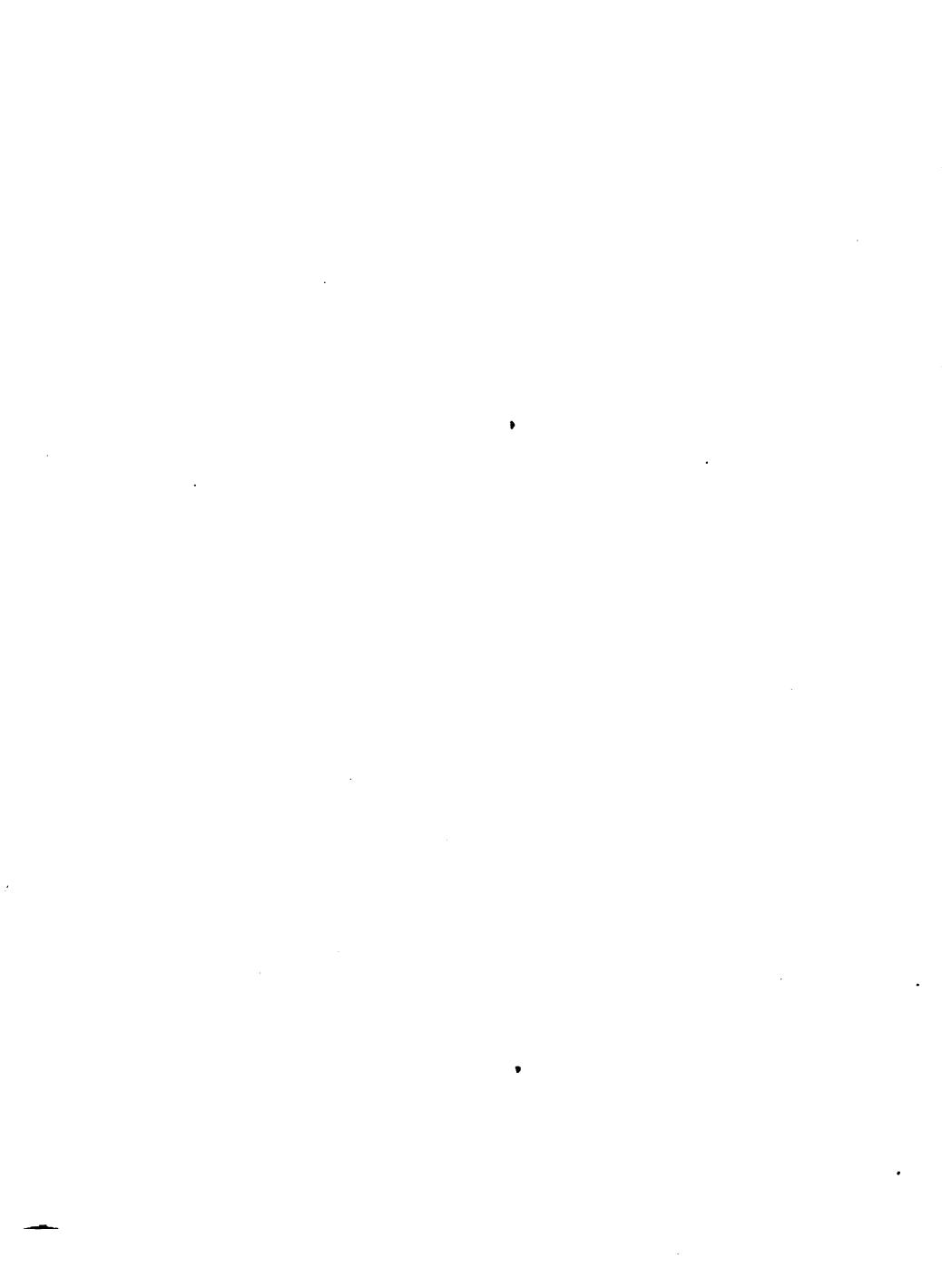
the way was so long and cold  
and my feet hurt!—but *now*!"

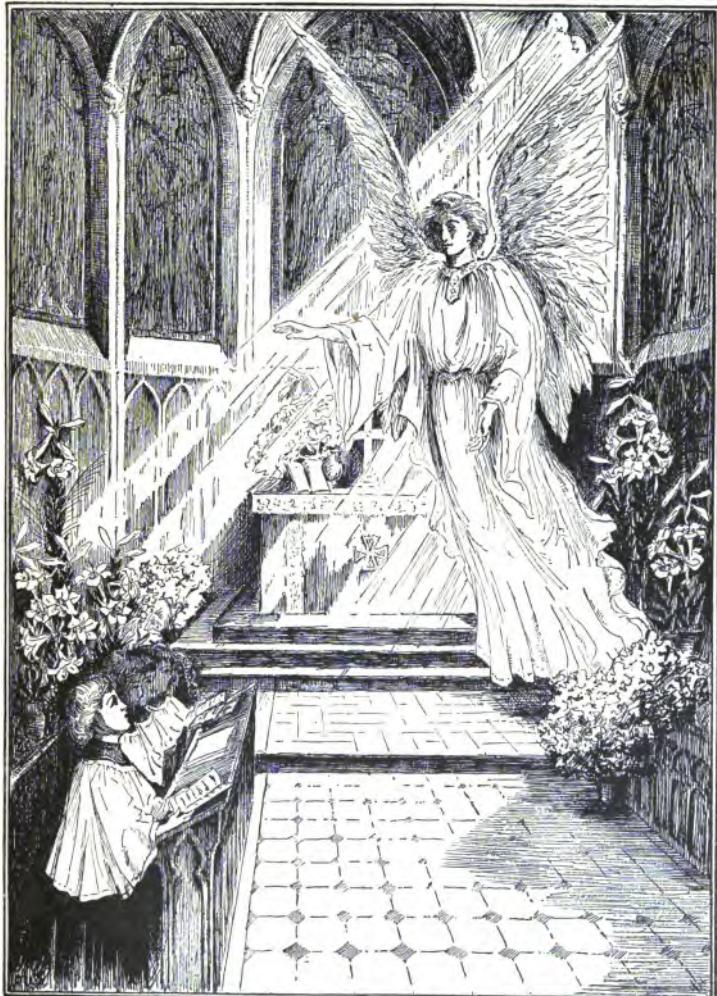
His Lady leaned down and enfolded the little trembling figure, but her voice was not quite steady as she answered :

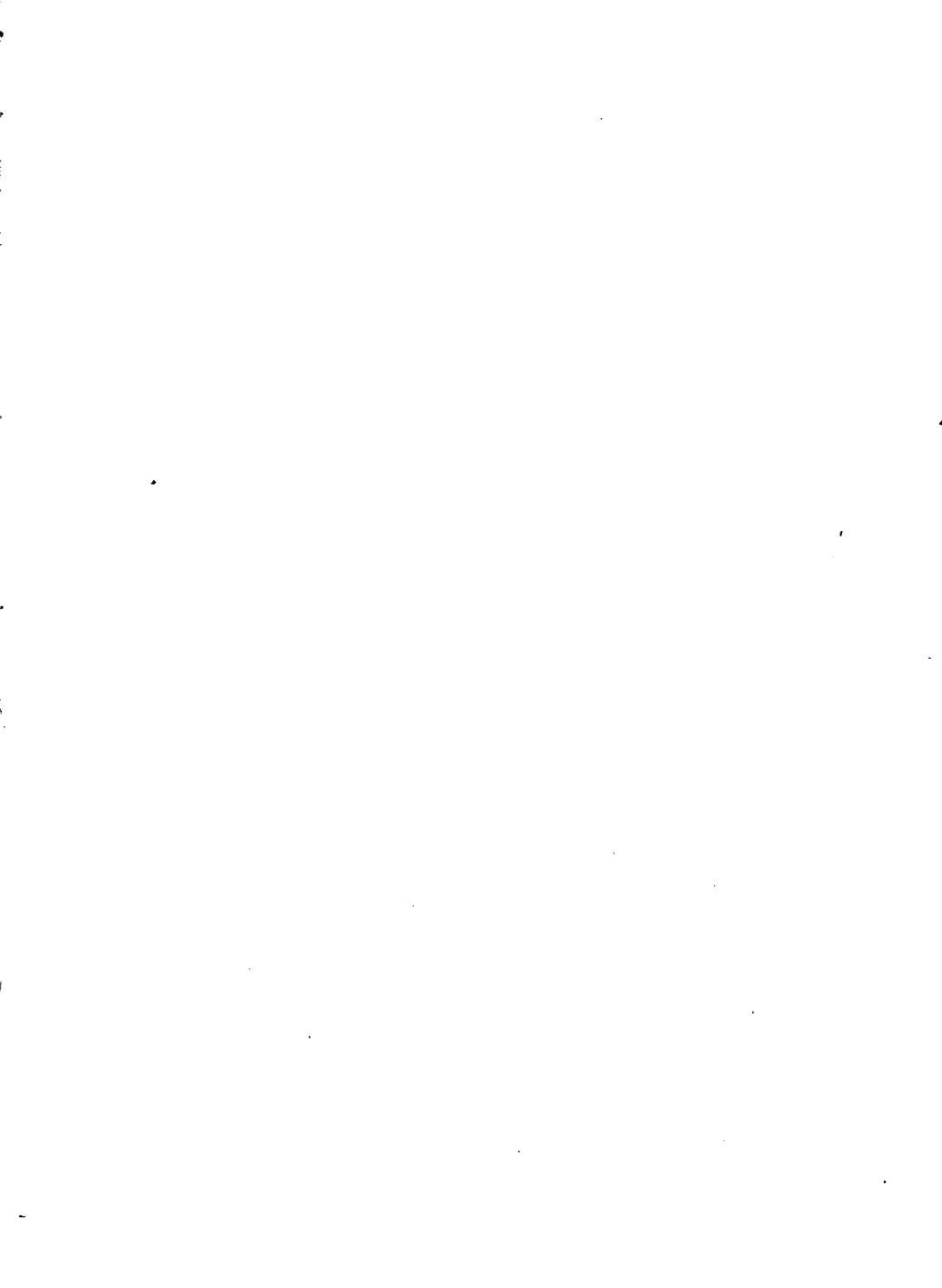
" No, Sir Knight, the Kingdom has not come—not yet—nor can it come till others—many, many others—are brave and true and ready to die for its sake if need be; but when one day it shall be here, then I think the King will remember that this Knight has suffered to hasten it in its coming."







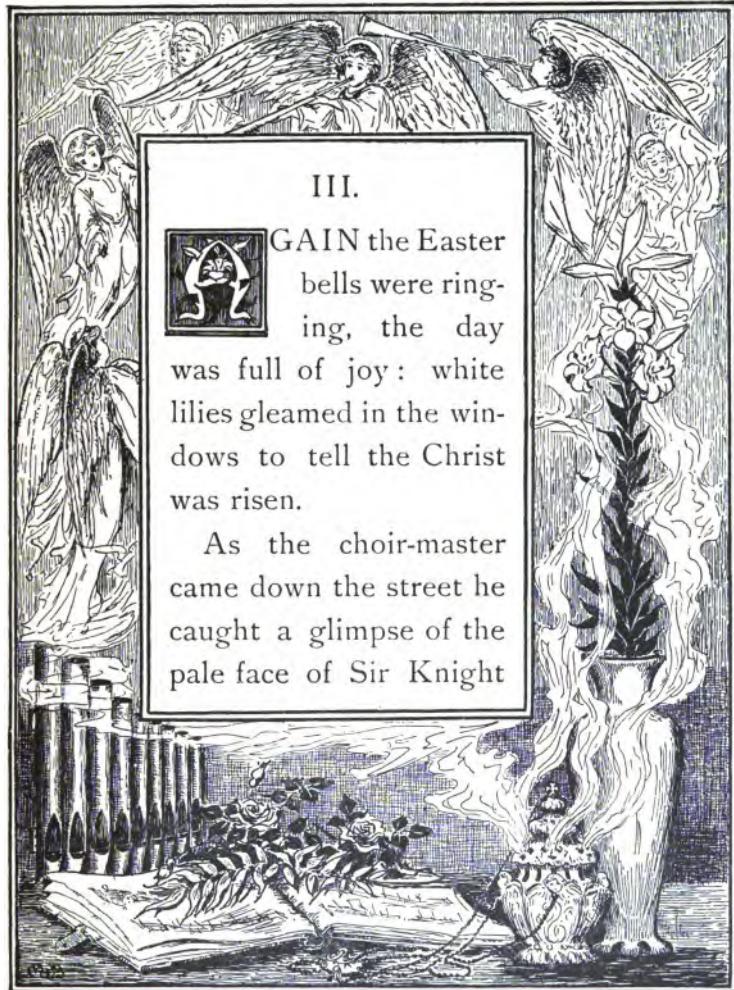


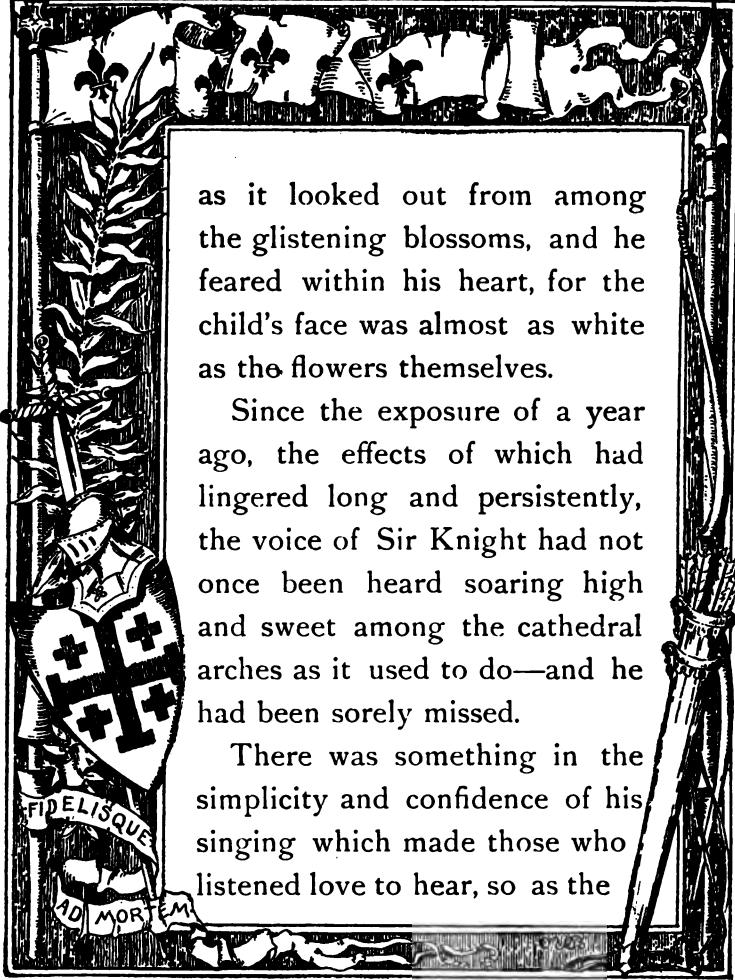


### III.

GAIN the Easter bells were ringing, the day was full of joy: white lilies gleamed in the windows to tell the Christ was risen.

As the choir-master came down the street he caught a glimpse of the pale face of Sir Knight

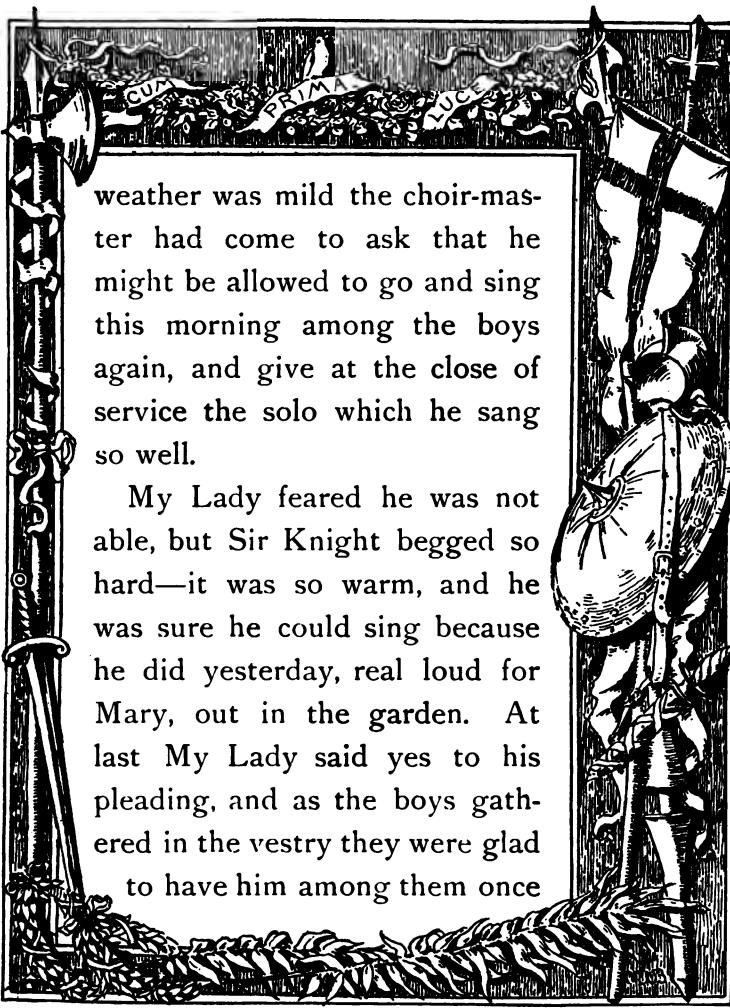




as it looked out from among the glistening blossoms, and he feared within his heart, for the child's face was almost as white as the flowers themselves.

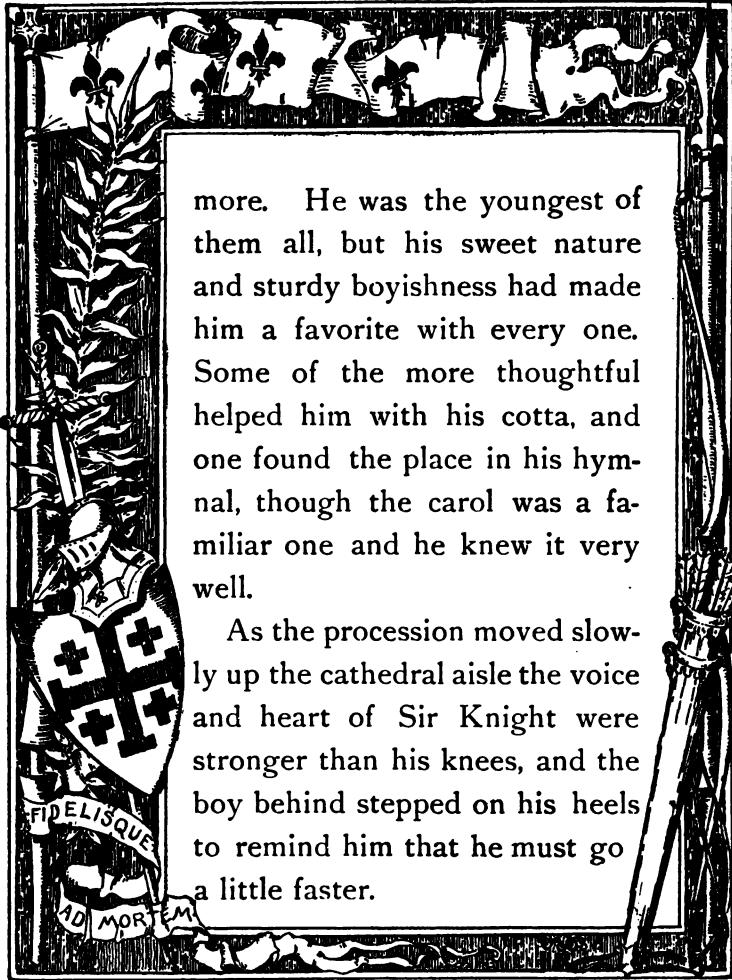
Since the exposure of a year ago, the effects of which had lingered long and persistently, the voice of Sir Knight had not once been heard soaring high and sweet among the cathedral arches as it used to do—and he had been sorely missed.

There was something in the simplicity and confidence of his singing which made those who listened love to hear, so as the



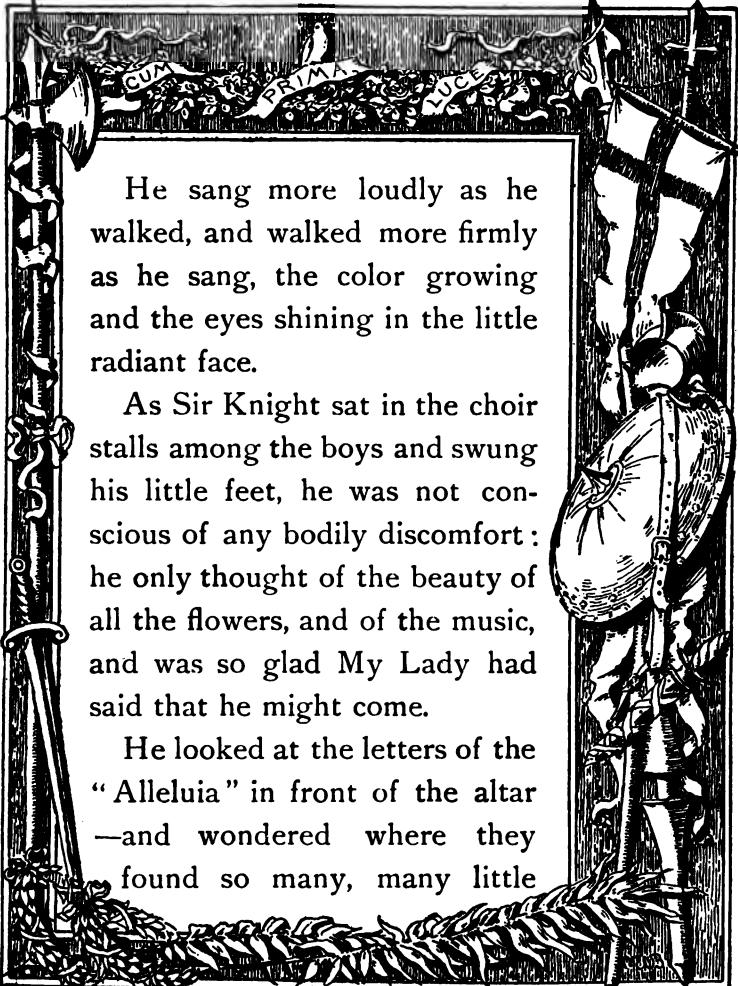
weather was mild the choir-master had come to ask that he might be allowed to go and sing this morning among the boys again, and give at the close of service the solo which he sang so well.

My Lady feared he was not able, but Sir Knight begged so hard—it was so warm, and he was sure he could sing because he did yesterday, real loud for Mary, out in the garden. At last My Lady said yes to his pleading, and as the boys gathered in the vestry they were glad to have him among them once



more. He was the youngest of them all, but his sweet nature and sturdy boyishness had made him a favorite with every one. Some of the more thoughtful helped him with his cotta, and one found the place in his hymnal, though the carol was a familiar one and he knew it very well.

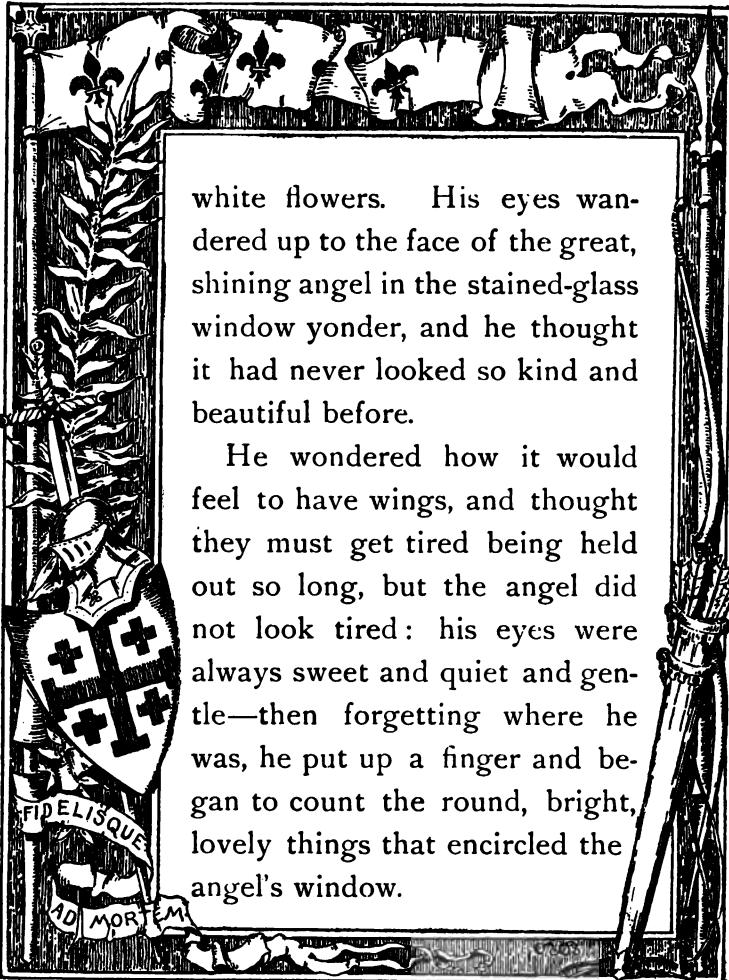
As the procession moved slowly up the cathedral aisle the voice and heart of Sir Knight were stronger than his knees, and the boy behind stepped on his heels to remind him that he must go a little faster.



He sang more loudly as he walked, and walked more firmly as he sang, the color growing and the eyes shining in the little radiant face.

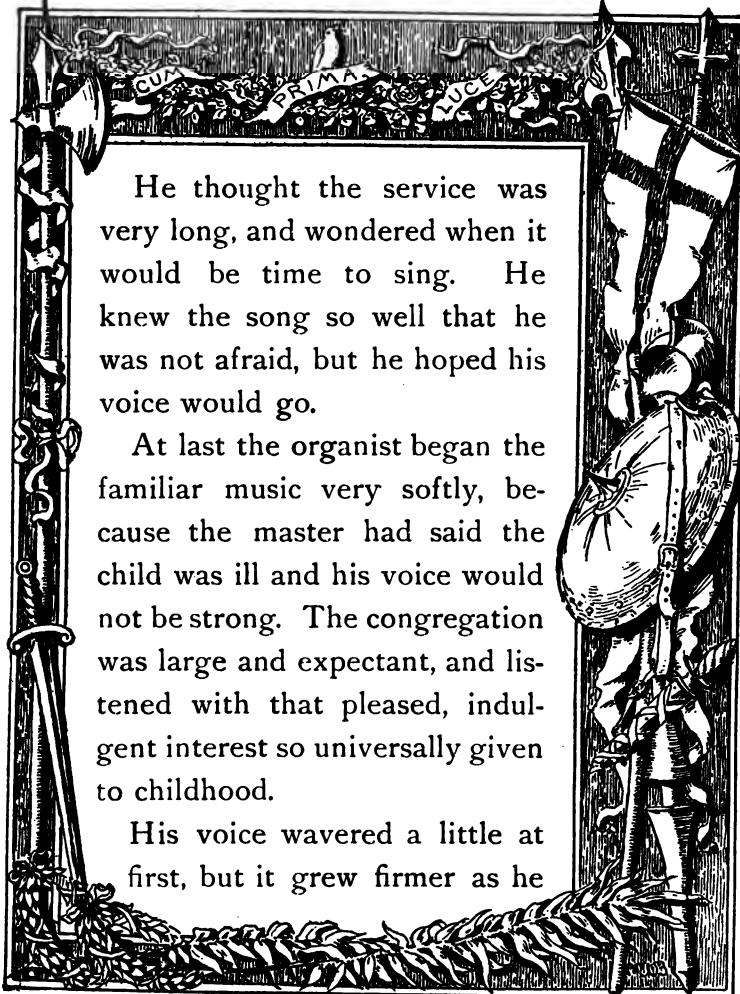
As Sir Knight sat in the choir stalls among the boys and swung his little feet, he was not conscious of any bodily discomfort : he only thought of the beauty of all the flowers, and of the music, and was so glad My Lady had said that he might come.

He looked at the letters of the "Alleluia" in front of the altar —and wondered where they found so many, many little



white flowers. His eyes wandered up to the face of the great, shining angel in the stained-glass window yonder, and he thought it had never looked so kind and beautiful before.

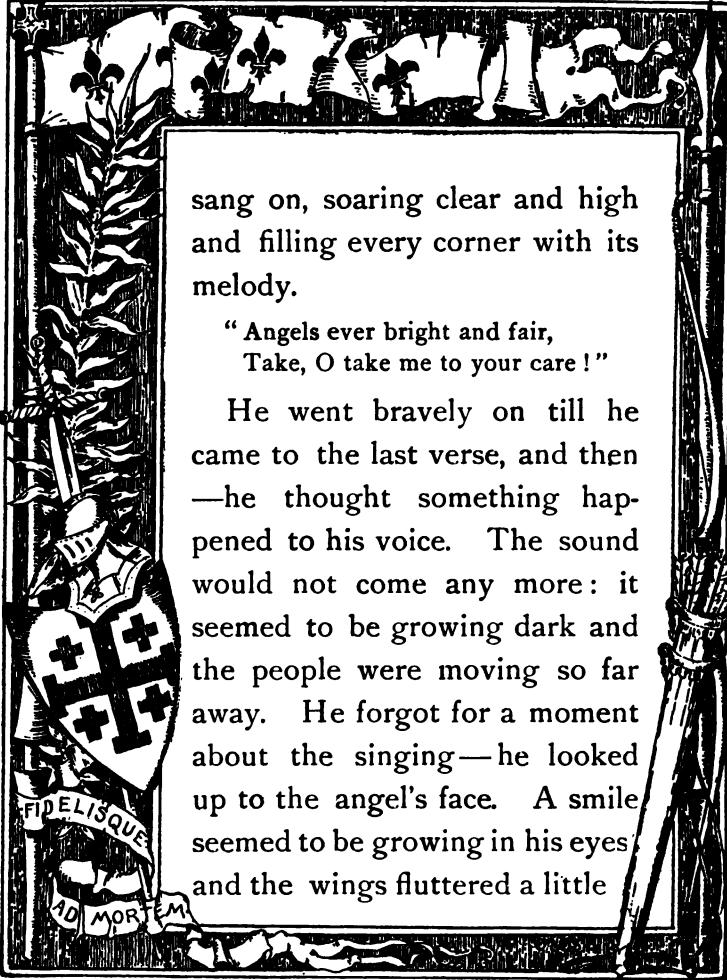
He wondered how it would feel to have wings, and thought they must get tired being held out so long, but the angel did not look tired: his eyes were always sweet and quiet and gentle—then forgetting where he was, he put up a finger and began to count the round, bright, lovely things that encircled the angel's window.



He thought the service was very long, and wondered when it would be time to sing. He knew the song so well that he was not afraid, but he hoped his voice would go.

At last the organist began the familiar music very softly, because the master had said the child was ill and his voice would not be strong. The congregation was large and expectant, and listened with that pleased, indulgent interest so universally given to childhood.

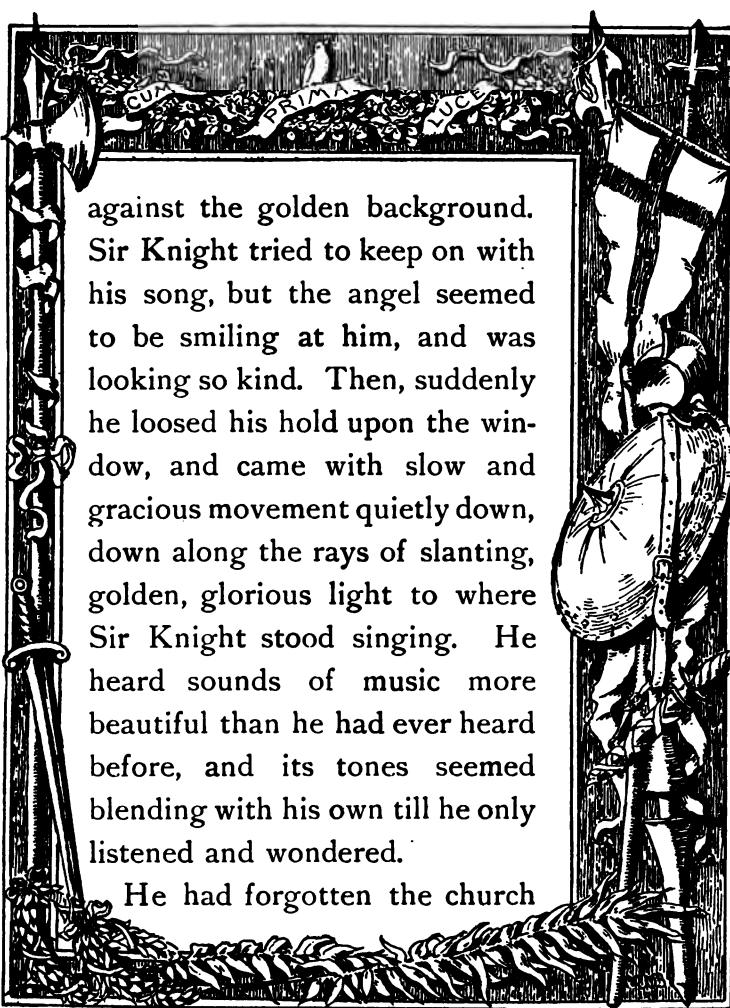
His voice wavered a little at first, but it grew firmer as he



sang on, soaring clear and high  
and filling every corner with its  
melody.

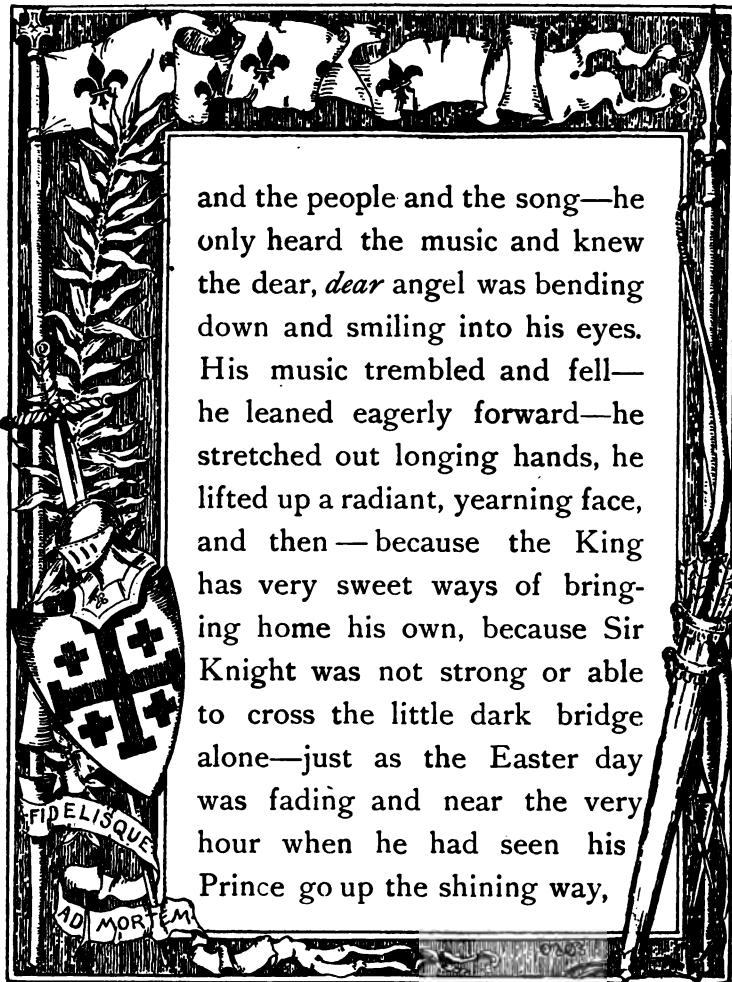
“Angels ever bright and fair,  
Take, O take me to your care !”

He went bravely on till he came to the last verse, and then—he thought something happened to his voice. The sound would not come any more: it seemed to be growing dark and the people were moving so far away. He forgot for a moment about the singing—he looked up to the angel’s face. A smile seemed to be growing in his eyes, and the wings fluttered a little

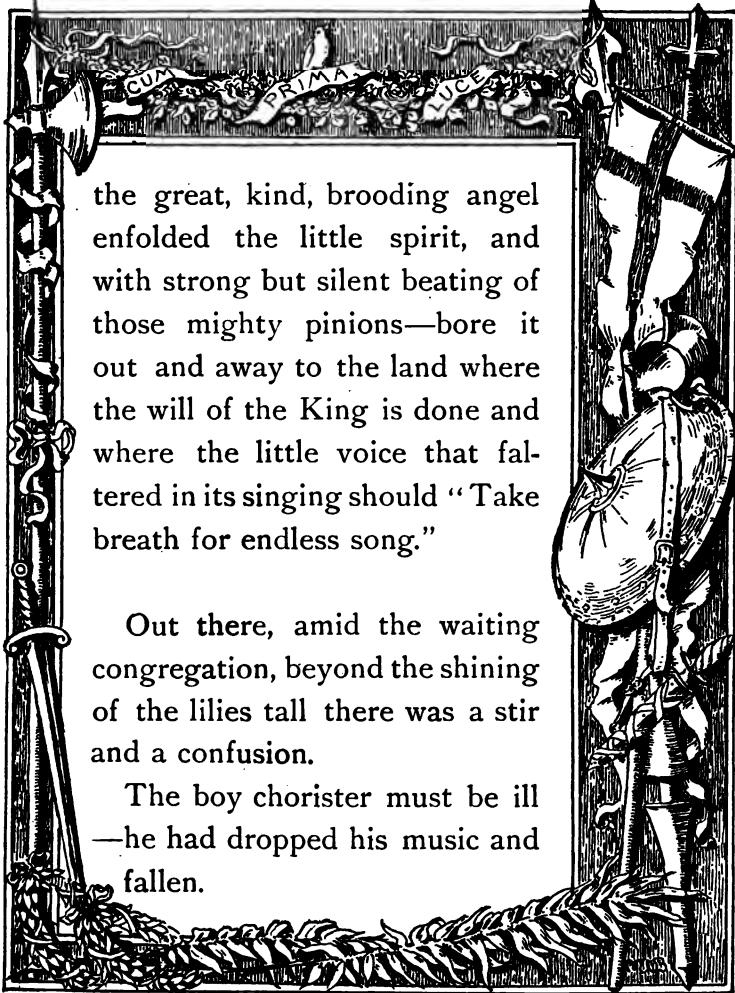


against the golden background. Sir Knight tried to keep on with his song, but the angel seemed to be smiling at him, and was looking so kind. Then, suddenly he loosed his hold upon the window, and came with slow and gracious movement quietly down, down along the rays of slanting, golden, glorious light to where Sir Knight stood singing. He heard sounds of music more beautiful than he had ever heard before, and its tones seemed blending with his own till he only listened and wondered.

He had forgotten the church



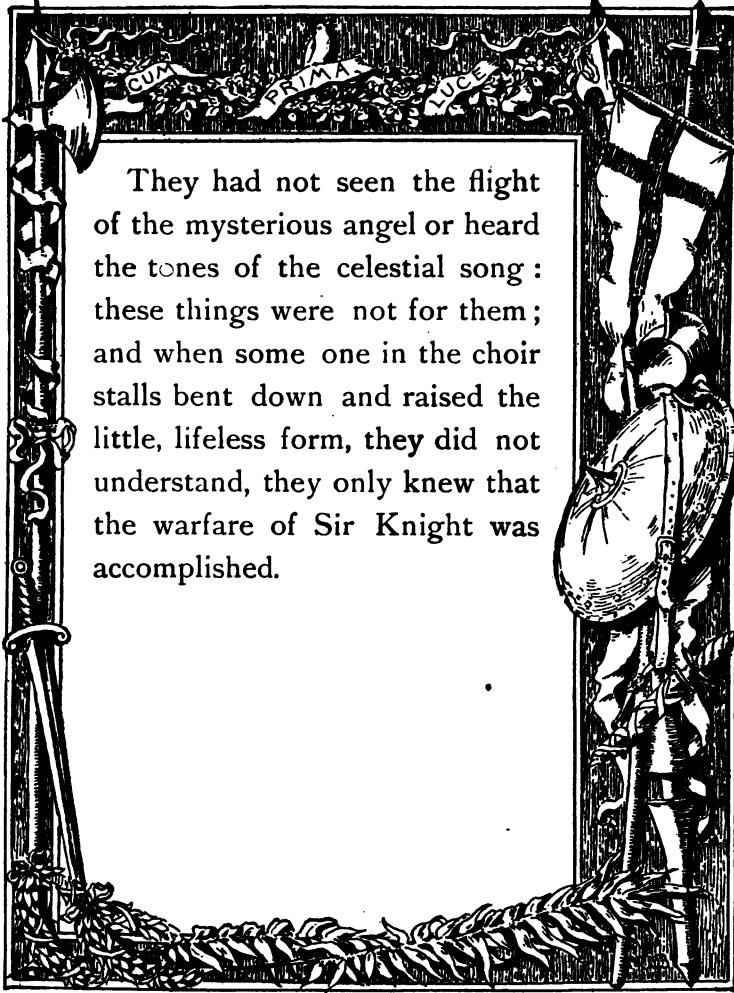
and the people and the song—he  
only heard the music and knew  
the dear, *dear* angel was bending  
down and smiling into his eyes.  
His music trembled and fell—  
he leaned eagerly forward—he  
stretched out longing hands, he  
lifted up a radiant, yearning face,  
and then—because the King  
has very sweet ways of bring-  
ing home his own, because Sir  
Knight was not strong or able  
to cross the little dark bridge  
alone—just as the Easter day  
was fading and near the very  
hour when he had seen his  
Prince go up the shining way,



the great, kind, brooding angel  
enfolded the little spirit, and  
with strong but silent beating of  
those mighty pinions—bore it  
out and away to the land where  
the will of the King is done and  
where the little voice that fal-  
tered in its singing should “Take  
breath for endless song.”

Out there, amid the waiting  
congregation, beyond the shining  
of the lilies tall there was a stir  
and a confusion.

The boy chorister must be ill  
—he had dropped his music and  
fallen.



They had not seen the flight  
of the mysterious angel or heard  
the tones of the celestial song :  
these things were not for them ;  
and when some one in the choir  
stalls bent down and raised the  
little, lifeless form, they did not  
understand, they only knew that  
the warfare of Sir Knight was  
accomplished.







